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Churchill's Portrait by Benedict Nicolson

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The French Approach to Moscow

THE French Premier's characteristically unexpected approach to Moscow on the question of the Austrian Treaty is a good deal more than a political gesture for domestic consumption. It is more, indeed, than merely another example of his well-known "impatience," which he has used to such effect in the last six months. It is a portent of Western diplomacy. Just how much London and Washington were consulted in advance is not entirely clear. What matters is that M. Mendès-France can take sole responsibility for his action, without at this stage fully implicating either Sir Anthony Eden or, more importantly, Mr. Dulles.

Ever since the London Conference, M. Mendès-France has made it clear that his price for forcing West German sovereignty on French public opinion is an early Four-Power Conference, to discuss how the Powers can achieve a lessening of tension in the face of two constitutionally sovereign Germanies. When he spoke recently at the U.N., he committed himself publicly to the paramount importance of such a conference; and, in his broadcast of a fortnight ago, he singled out the signing of an Austrian Treaty as being "the best pledge for [its] final success." Thus in following all this up by a specific inquiry about the Austrian Treaty and hints that the West might go much further to meet Soviet objections than has hitherto been admitted, M. Mendès-France has carried his diplomacy with complete consistency a stage further along his chosen road.

Has he carried his allies with him? There is no reason to suppose otherwise. As far as Britain is concerned, both Sir Anthony Eden and M. Mendès-France have recently acclaimed the strength and importance of Anglo-French accord; and, while the Foreign Office was not called upon to give any prior endorsement to the French initiative, it is most unlikely that it offered any strong objection. In Washington the situation is more complicated, owing to the exceptional difficulties which the Republican Administration faces in commanding the support of its own Right wing for any constructive policy towards the Communist world. But it is known that the French Premier on his recent visit deeply impressed both President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles; and the events of the past two weeks in Washington indicate clearly that the President and the "anti-war" group in the Administration are now in the ascendant. Indeed, the violence with which Senator Knowland and the diehard Republicans have taken up the case of the American airmen imprisoned in China—in sharp contrast to the President's studiedly moderate approach—is good indication that they are now engaging the President on the broad issue of his attitude to peaceful co-existence.

If Mr. Eisenhower has in fact made up his mind that, under the threat of the H-bomb, a new and more serious effort must be made to negotiate the means of co-existence, the French initiative must suit him admirably. His relations with his own supporters would become impossible were such an approach to be made to Moscow, at this moment, directly by the State Department. Yet to yield, with every proper show of reluctance and in order not to lose an ally, to the importunacy of the "pig-headed little Frenchman," is a manoeuvre which gives him the best chance of securing his domestic flank against both the snipings of McCarthy and the more serious offensive of Senator Knowland.

Thus M. Mendès-France's disregard for those niceties of united inaction which have become the hall-mark of Great Power diplomacy has opened a door for a real step forward in negotiation, if the Great Powers choose to take it. That a Four-Power Conference, held after the ratification of the Paris Treaties, will be a much more difficult proposition for the West than it would have

been before, is obvious: the all-important bargaining counter of a neutralised Germany has been thrown away. But the need to talk about the problems that arise from the existence of two sovereign States of Germany is very great; and, provided a conference takes place soon, while West Germany is still substantially unarmed and the full implementation of the "Eastern Nato" remains in suspense, there must be a reasonable chance of achieving the minimum objectives of increased trade and some limitation on the arming of the two Germanies.

More Trouble on the Railways

The Railwaymen's Executive, under heavy pressure from the branches, is pressing hard for an additional wage advance beyond what was granted in the agreement announced early in October. This agreement, it will be remembered, was repudiated by the N.U.R. Delegate Meeting, and the Executive thereupon tried to get the negotiations reopened. This Monday they saw Sir Brian Robertson, who refused to reopen the old issues but offered to expedite discussions, if the N.U.R. submitted a fresh claim. The Executive, dissatisfied with this answer, has now appealed to the Minister of Transport, telling him to expect serious trouble unless something is now done to meet the men's grievances. The Locomotive men, whose separate claim was recently settled by arbitration, are not involved in the present dispute, which arises out of the claim for a 15 per cent. advance made by the N.U.R. in August of last year. This claim was dealt with in two stages. An advance of 6 per cent. came into effect this January; and the disputed October settlement, based on an attempt to correct great anomalies, yielded further increases of from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. a week—sums which were regarded as quite inadequate and comparing unfavourably with the arbitration award to the locomotive grades. The N.U.R. is demanding revision of the October settlement without beginning again at the start of the negotiating procedure, whereas the Transport Commission is saying that it is only prepared to consider an entirely fresh application.

According to the latest wage census—taken after the 6 per cent. advance but before the October settlement—the average weekly wage-rate on the railways, for men only, was 146s. 3d. Average weekly earnings were higher—188s. 2d. —a figure which shows that a good deal of overtime is being worked. But this higher figure is nearly 10s. below the average for all men covered by the Ministry of Labour's returns, which refer chiefly to manufacturing industry. The railway workers, apart from the locomotive section, are on the whole an ill-paid group; and the Transport Commission has repeatedly pleaded poverty in meeting their claims for better conditions. Last year the Commission's net surplus, after meeting interest charges of over £53m., was just over £4m.; but the railways, with a gross surplus of £35m., before meeting these charges, showed a net loss, offset by profits on road haulage. The N.U.R. is demanding, and not unreasonably, that a fair wage shall be treated as a basic charge, to be met if need be by a subsidy.

The Age of Retirement

The Government is unlikely to take the unpopular course of endorsing the proposal of the Phillips Committee that, to reduce the financial burden of pensions, the retiring age should soon be raised by stages to 68 for men and 63 for women. The trade union members not unnaturally dissent, pointing out that in most cases people retire because they cannot carry on, not because they want their pension. This view is strongly supported by the recent survey by the Ministry of Pensions, *Reasons Given for Retiring or Continuing at Work*. This shows that six out of ten men work on beyond 65, and that of those that retire more than half are either chronically sick, or find work a strain on their health. Only seven per cent of the men who reach 65 retire simply because they want "rest or leisure." About half of the women in the sample also retired for reasons of sickness or strain. It seems, in fact, that to raise the pension age would, in the main, only serve to reduce the number of those who are retired willy-nilly by their employers. But, in these groups, there are complicated questions of seniority and promotion with which the trade unions are reasonably concerned. Professor Cairncross, who makes his own recommendation, seems to be moving along the right lines. He wishes to see the removal of the earnings limit and the retirement condition for payment of pensions. The total income would be taxable. This would give much more flexibility. If, however, private pension schemes are to increase in scope, Professor Cairncross should consider the strong case for retaining the right to earn increments by postponing the pension claim. This would meet the problem of the worker who has a relatively high tax liability while he remains at work, but nothing much beyond his pension to cushion his retirement.

THE EDITORSHIP OF THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION

There appeared in the *Observer* of December 5, under the heading "Table Talk" by Pendennis, a paragraph purporting to describe impending changes in the editorship of this journal. This paragraph was published without any attempt to secure verification from this office. The suggestion that any such changes have at any time been contemplated is totally false.

Asia and the West

The recent debate in the U.N. Political Committee on the West Irian (West New Guinea) issue reflected the strength of anti-colonialism. Retention of the territory is a matter of colonial prestige to the Dutch, and one of strategy to the Seato Powers, especially Australia. Sir Percy Spender talked of the area as "forever the potential invasion springboard to Australia." To which Krishna Menon replied that Asian peoples had too long been regarded as "blockhouses to guard trade routes"; the West Irian issue was "the last chapter" of the fight for Indonesian independence. This powerful anti-colonial feeling will undoubtedly be uppermost when the Colombo Powers meet in Indonesia for their next meeting at the end of December. One of the main points on the Agenda is the preparation for an Asian-African Conference. And Mr. Nehru and U Nu will undoubtedly be exchanging views with their colleagues on recent visits to China and the problem of overseas Chinese.

PARIS

Dirty Linen

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last week's debate on the Dides case was, it is generally agreed, an exhibition of parliamentary bad manners without parallel in the history of the Fourth Republic. The instigator of this distasteful scene was an A.R.S. Deputy, M. Legendre, who openly and bluntly accused M. Mitterrand of passing state secrets to the C.P. The Minister of the Interior was responsible, according to M. Legendre, not only for an article in *L'Observateur* in July, 1953, based on a meeting of the Defence Committee, but also for an article in *L'Express*, this Spring, the proofs of which, he said, were corrected at the *L'Express* printing works by General Salan, a former commander-in-chief in Indo-China, and by M. d' Astier de la Vigerie, a neo-Communist deputy. M. Legendre went on to say that M. Mitterrand's resignation from the Laniel Government in September, 1953 (which was, of course, a protest against the Moroccan *coup d'état*), was forced on him by the Cabinet, following his unmasking as a traitor!

Not surprisingly, M. Mitterrand had no difficulty in exposing the various errors of time, place, fact and person in M. Legendre's statements. Since he is soon to fight a libel action against a newspaper which published similar views, the truth of this aspect of the *affaire* will, no doubt, eventually receive legal definition. But the reluctance of the M.R.P. and Independent members of the Laniel Government to corroborate his version of the 1953 resignation illustrates the depth of the hatred which the Government has inspired. As M. Laniel was not present, it was clearly M. Bidault's duty, as Mitterrand's principal adversary in the controversy which led to his resignation, to refute M. Legendre's slander. Yet this is what actually took place:

> *M. Mitterrand:* . . . the other Ministers tried to persuade me to reconsider my resignation. If one of them now shares M. Legendre's opinion, let him come out and say so. If not, who will tolerate M. Legendre's infamous accusation?
>
> *A Voice on the Left:* A curious silence!
>
> *M. Coffin (Socialist):* Let the accusers show themselves!
>
> *M. Bidault:* The reasons which you have just given for leaving the Laniel Government are, I bear witness, the ones you gave at the time. . . . I am not prepared to say any more on your behalf.

It was left to M. Mendès-France, in one of his most forceful speeches, to set the whole of this sordid matter in proper perspective. He attacked unsparingly the political methods of his opponents, and there is no doubt that many Deputies resented his statement that current practices in the Assembly were undermining the basis of the Republic, and that a reform of French political morals must be achieved if the regime were to survive. He was clearly referring to General de Gaulle's recent statement that not even a man of Mendès-France's calibre could overcome the essential viciousness of the present system. Was he also hinting that de Gaulle would

be proved right if the Government fell? In any case, his decision to take a snap vote on the general policy of the Government was a smart political move. His majority (287-240) was much reduced, but his three main groups of supporters (Socialists, Radicals and Gaullists) stood firm, and this is probably as good a working majority as anyone is likely to get in the present Assembly.

Doubtless, the Pinayist alliance of Independents and M.R.P. will make serious efforts to destroy the Government in the next few weeks. But there are, on the other hand, several encouraging signs. The moderate wing of the M.R.P., led by M. Schuman, appears to be gaining ground in the Party. Only 34 out of 85 M.R.P. deputies followed M. Bidault against the Government last week. Secondly, it is now unlikely that a large number of Gaullists will desert the Government when the Paris treaties are debated. De Gaulle made it clear last Saturday that he would tolerate "conditional ratification" (i.e., ratification on the assumption that Four-Power talks take place before the treaties become effective). Finally, the news from Tunisia is distinctly more encouraging.

MADRID

Franco's Useful Ghost

A Correspondent in Spain writes: Saturday, November 20, was the eighteenth anniversary of the execution of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, founder of the Falange and alleged founder of present-day Spain. In 1939, on the third anniversary of his death, his remains were carried from Alicante to Madrid by relays of Falangists and were interred in state at El Escorial. November 20 was proclaimed as a day of national mourning. This year again the Day of Mourning was celebrated with innumerable newspaper articles and requiem masses. At El Escorial, Franco and all the leaders of the State attended mass, and Franco himself laid a wreath on Rivera's tomb. All schools and many offices were closed. In Alicante itself, even the bars and cafés had to stay shut until evening, while the prison was open all day.

The regime has thus converted José Antonio into a myth, and it is clear that much hard work is being put in to keep the myth alive. For example, a set of reading primers for junior classes in the schools devotes a section to Rivera and Franco. While Franco is praised for all the improvements that have been carried out, it is made clear that the inspiration came from José Antonio: Franco, in fact, becomes the apostle on whom has fallen the task of giving practical effect to the master's teaching. This means that Franco is prepared to share his position in history with a young, unbalanced idealist, who was dead almost before the Civil War began and who was probably regarded by Franco at the time as being almost as dangerous to his cause as the Republicans.

Why this persistent idolisation? The present regime is composed of the traditional forces of the right—Church, Monarchy, Army—plus that strident nationalist element for which Fascist parties have provided a vehicle in modern times. But the fact that the regime is thus composed implies no real solidarity. Conflicts between traditionalists and the Falangists were clear enough even during the Civil War. José Antonio's fervent Catholicism makes him perhaps an acceptable figure to the Church, but it may be doubted whether he is equally well thought of by the Army and the Monarchists. He is in fact the particular property of the Falange, and the position conceded to him is, in fact, conceded to the Falange, on the support of which Franco may be more dependent than is generally believed—or than he cares to admit.

The Falange is indeed of great value to Franco. It serves to canalise some of Spain's traditionally disruptive political emotions, especially among the working class. In the Madrid municipal elections the day after this year's Day of Mourning, the success of the Falange was most spectacular in the poorer districts of the city—Tetuán, Vallecas, Cuatro Caminos and Embajadores. In other words, the Falange, which controls the *Sindicales*, and which has in the past been purged for its allegedly progressive views on labour problems, seems to make a certain genuine appeal to the working class. José Antonio thus serves a double function. He is the rallying point for the Falange and the means of binding the Falange into the regime. Franco is a dictator who is more interested in the reality of power than in its appearance. His regime is not based entirely on Führer-worship. It is no great sacrifice for him to be represented from time to time as the leader who took over after the prophet had given his life, if doing so helps to keep quiescent both working-class ambitions and the traditional Spanish hostility to centralisation of government.

NEW YORK

The Republican Revolt

Our New York Correspondent writes: Senator Knowland has now broken with the Eisenhower Administration. His constant and outspoken criticism of U.S. foreign policy rankled enough—particularly his latest demand for a naval blockade of China—but, in voting against the McCarthy censure, he has flouted the known wishes of the White House. If he were just another Senator, his contrariness might be overlooked. But, as Republican Floor Leader, he is supposed to be the liaison between the Administration and the legislators and to act as the President's spokesman in the Senate. That Knowland has ceased so to act nobody here denies. But it is doubtful whether the White House will attempt to oust him from his position. Pro-Eisenhower Republicans are said to be advising against such an attempt because they fear that there would be insufficient support among the party's Senators for the move and that its failure would weaken the President's position.

In placing himself at the head of that half of the Republican Senators who voted against the McCarthy censure, Knowland has assumed bold and open leadership of a major insurrection against the White House. New political alignments have crystallised during the long debate on censure. There is now an alliance between the McCarthy forces, who think the Administration is too moderate in its persecution of "subversives" at home, and the forces led by Knowland, who complain that the Administration is too moderate in its prosecution of the "cold war" abroad. In the last session of Congress, the White House was able to get support on much legislation from all, or part, of both these blocs, depending on the issue. It will get less in the Eighty-fourth Congress starting in January, for the censure controversy has opened up old wounds and thrown the Right wing of the Republican Party into more bitter opposition to the President than ever before. It is only through Democratic support that the President now retains any semblance of power.

Talk of a breakaway from the Republican Party by McCarthy and his supporters and the formation of a new, Right-wing third party is being discounted here. Apart from the historical and constitutional handicaps that inhibit the success of any third party, the Right-wingers also estimate that they have a good chance of capturing control of the Republican Party itself. In view of the weakness of the Administration in the face of the current rebellion, their optimism may not be ill-founded. Thus, although McCarthy lost the Senate battle, the matter is by no means settled.

WESTMINSTER

Thanks and Regrets

The address of thanks for the Gracious Speech will now, one assumes, be presented to the Queen, or is it just taken as read? Anyway, whether it goes bedecked with crimson seals or in a plain envelope, it goes unamended. The Opposition's humble regrets that the Government has shown no sense of urgency in dealing with the menace of the hydrogen bomb, and has shown complacency in the face of social injustice were not endorsed. The debate on the hydrogen bomb was sponsored because it is a vital issue, because it might create optimum party unity, because it should embarrass the Tories and might give Clement Attlee a chance to repeat his triumph of the last session. In the event it provoked from the Opposition benches a miscellany of viewpoints. Not until Anthony Wedgwood Benn spoke, and Clement Attlee wound up, did the debate grapple with the real issues. The Government was not noticeably embarrassed, although Sir Winston should have been uncomfortable. Even though Sir Anthony Eden directed towards the Opposition the vague and languid hand-flaps he musters for emphasis, his words were designed to inform his own leader that he really cannot have the talks with Malenkov on which he has set his heart. Not for this Christmas anyway. And Clement Attlee, inevitably, did not repeat his triumph—it is never possible to repeat an impromptu success unless artifice is to take the place of sincerity.

The debate on social justice was, however, unexpectedly fruitful. The design was to expose the deep philosophic differences between the Labour Party and the Tories. There had been some amused eyebrow lifting prior to the debate by those who regarded Hugh Gaitskell as the last person able to perceive, much less to express, these differences. But not only did he emphasise them but he did so with authority, with more passion than is common to his parliamentary style and with a dash of crusading vigour which the Opposition appreciated and would like to see again, often.

The Parliamentary Labour Party's general desire to use this pre-election session to clarify party differences has run into a tactical difficulty over the pensions increase Bill. Labour endorses those parts of the Bill which increase pensions. But the Party objects, strongly and unanimously, to the increase in contributions. The normal tactic, therefore, would be to vote against the Bill on a reasoned amendment which, while approving higher pensions, would condemn increased contributions. But the country sees only the blacks and whites of parliamentary procedure. The real danger is that the subtleties of reasoned amendment would soon be overlaid by a Tory claim that Labour voted against the Bill giving bigger pensions. It has been decided, therefore, not to invite misrepresentation but to fight against contributions when the specific issue reaches the Committee Stage. But whatever the tactics the Party is united on the principle, which is more than could have been anticipated a week ago.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The End of Beveridge

In the five years since the National Insurance scheme was launched in 1948, the defects of the Beveridge system have become increasingly clear. In the new Bill, which can only be an interim measure, the Government has done nothing to remedy those defects. On the contrary, its proposals—which the T.U.C. has rightly decided to oppose because they make wage-earners carry an even larger share of the cost of social security—show that Mr. Peake and his colleagues are determined to maintain the fiction of contributory "insurance." They do so, although their own memoranda, the accompanying report of the Government Actuary, and even the Phillips Report provide overwhelming proof that the "insurance principle" now survives only in name. In so few years the Beveridge method has run into a dead-end.

Whatever electoral merit there may be for the Tories in the higher benefits, there is no justification for the way in which they are to be financed. The weekly contribution is to be raised by one shilling; so is the employer's payment, which may in the end be passed on to the consumer. But only two or three pennies of this increase are needed to cover the higher "actuarial" contribution—the weekly "premium" required to cover the ultimate benefits payable to a normal entrant into the scheme who contributes throughout his working life. The remainder of the money—the charge is about eightpence for a worker and sevenpence for his employer—is to provide "a contribution to the additional cost of pensions" for those who, by Government decision, receive full benefit though they entered the scheme late in life. In the original Beveridge Plan, such people would only have earned part-pension; the Labour Government, seeking to give full security in old age, very properly included them, but gave a special supplement to the Insurance Fund to meet the added charge. Now Mr. Peake is transferring most of that burden to the ordinary contributor, shifting it away from the income-taxpayer and the self-employed, and destroying the last pretence that the level of contributions is in any way related to the level of benefits. The whole system has become quite arbitrary.

The bias in the new proposals becomes clearer when one considers the problem of the very poor—those who have been receiving Assistance. About 1.2 million people have had to have their Insurance benefits supplemented, and nearly one million of these have been retirement pensioners. A survey published in this journal earlier this year showed that even the maximum rate of Assistance was not sufficient to lift those with no other resources above a stringently defined poverty-line. What has Mr. Peake done? By raising the Insurance benefit above the Assistance rate, he is going to make "substantial" savings in Exchequer grants at the expense of the Insurance Fund; several hundred thousand on Assistance will get no more than another 2s. 6d. for a single person and 4s. for a married couple. This increase is not sufficient to offset even the rise in food prices since last February, when the survey in St. Helens showed that Assistance scales did not prevent many from experiencing actual want. And by what calculation are Assistance and Insurance scales to be raised in markedly different proportions?

It is no wonder that Mr. Peake does not claim that the new rates provide, in the absence of other resources, "a full and universal subsistence basis." He has not even carried out his statutory task under Section 40 of the 1948 Act. The Minister was required, after five years, to review the rates of benefit

> . . . in relation to the circumstances at the time, of insured persons in Great Britain including, in particular, the expenditure which is necessary for the preservation of health and working capacity; and to any changes in these circumstances . . . and to the likelihood of future changes.

This task is shrugged off in two muddled pages; no attempt has been made in the Quinquennial Review to assess changes in living costs or the relation of rates to "health and working capacity."

The Minister cannot even refer to the Phillips Report, for this devotes less than four pages to the same question and similarly shies away from any attempt to establish an absolute relationship between "subsistence" and pension level. Admitting that the Insurance pension should be "the basic provision for old age," the Report insists that a contributory scheme cannot be expected to provide a rate of benefit which would be adequate without personal resources or Assistance. This not only jettisons the Beveridge Plan; it also raises some very pertinent questions. Does this mean that we should be unconcerned if none live on the official pension but all turn to an employer's scheme or to Assistance? Is there no longer to be an opportunity to get an adequate pension through State agency? It seems that we are to move quickly towards greater inequalities in old age than in working life, between those whose income rests ultimately on a means test and the salary earners whose retirement income is related to the income of their final working years. Is the task of providing real security for old age to be turned over to private insurance companies?

We are, in fact, facing a crisis in the contributory system as a whole—and the new Bill only exaggerates some weaknesses that have been inherent in National Insurance from the outset. When it was first introduced by Lloyd George, the concept of "insurance" was clever political salesmanship: the formula made his scheme acceptable; it grew out of trade union and friendly society benefit funds; and "benefit of right" was something to set against the old rigours of the Poor Law and the understandable dislike of means tests. Whatever advantages the contributory method had as a modern method of distinguishing between the "deserving" and the "undeserving" poor (so long as it was confined to a limited and the poorer section of the population), it has lost steadily as social security has become universal. Today, National Insurance is separated from the rest of the national accounts as a matter of book-keeping. The Fund is purely notional; the Government Actuary now points out that there can be no genuine accumulation as in private insurance, and that current liabilities have to be met out of current income.

In 1942, Beveridge justified the contributory method on the grounds that the worker likes to pay, that the system provides a contract between the insured person and the State, and that the knowledge that higher benefits call for higher contributions serves as a brake on excessive demands. How much longer will the worker like to pay when he realises that this is not "insurance" but a poll-tax, and that his contributions are not set aside for his own old age but go into a "fund" of which 70 per cent. is used to finance current pensions, many for late entrants into the scheme? What a strange contract it is that is compulsory for the worker while the State can vary its terms, and in which the benefits are more and more arbitrary! Finally, if the argument that contributions restrain demand means anything, it means that the working population is to be set against the pensioners: since most beneficiaries are pensioners, who no longer pay contributions but do have votes, the pressure for higher benefits is mainly political.

We do not deny that some psychological and technical value remains in the contributory system. It is an acceptable form of tax, with the appearance of equity, and the cumbersome card-stamping method does provide a test of eligibility for sickness and unemployment benefit. But it has no value for pensioners, and it ought to be discarded now that coverage is almost universal and Assistance fills the gaps in it.

The question is primarily a matter of finance. The two points at issue are how much should and can the economy afford for pensions, and how the money should be raised. The growing burden of pensions can be exaggerated. The Phillips Committee estimates that today there are three old people for every ten persons at work, and that by 1979 the ratio will be four to ten. In terms of the national income, this means that pensions now absorb a little over five per cent. of national income, will absorb at most seven per cent. of it in twenty-five years, and, if the national income expands satisfactorily, may only absorb about six per cent. This is the correct way to look at the problem. It is the annual liability that matters, not the estimated future deficit on a hypothetical fund. Would it not be logical, therefore, to separate pensions from National Insurance? Even if one accepts the actuarial assumptions, the Exchequer will assume a larger share of the cost, since the annual deficit will rise steadily to over £400 m. in 1979.

The whole question of provision for old age is thus reopened, not least in its relation to other measures for social welfare. We shall have to examine the social implications of the present expansion of private pension schemes, and ask whether the principle of flat-rate benefits and contributions is the right one. This Bill does not face such problems. It does not even face the question of subsistence, which Lord Beveridge has repeatedly insisted was "the central idea" of his original Report. Now that the Beveridge Plan, whose social ideas were obsolete when it was written, has been amended out of recognition, the time has come for the Labour Party to make a fresh start.

Faith and Reason

£350 PRIZE ESSAY

In the hope of discovering more about the political, intellectual and emotional basis of the present renewed interest in personal religion, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is offering prizes for the best essays on the broad subject of Faith and Reason. The first prize is £200, with three other prizes of £50. If a number of essays are worthy of publication, the prize essays and others of outstanding merit will be published in book form. £20 will be paid for essays which do not win prizes but are included in the book.

The essays must be of not more than 3,000 words, and they must reach The Editor, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by February 28, 1955. Manuscripts should be in typescript and bear a pseudonym. A sealed envelope, containing the writer's real name, should be enclosed. **The prize is open to all men and women who will be under twenty-six years of age on January 1, 1955.**

The judges for the Competition will be: Dr. J. Bronowski; H. A. Hodges, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Reading; Stuart Hampshire, Fellow of New College, Oxford; and the editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Malenkov and the Yugoslavs

THE Moscow citizen, opening his *Pravda* on November 29, must have rubbed his eyes. There, on the foreign news page, were two columns devoted to "The National Holiday of the Peoples of Yugoslavia." The feature did not come entirely without warning. A few months ago, readers of *Pravda* had seen the surprising headline "Statement by Marshal Tito, President of Yugoslavia," followed by a report of a speech by Tito to the effect that Yugoslavia did not wish to play into the hands of people anxious to increase international tension, and that she had no intention of joining the Atlantic Pact. The Marshal also welcomed the growing "normalisation" of Soviet-Yugoslav relations. But last Monday's article, written by D. Kraminov (formerly well known as a Soviet war correspondent attached to Shaef, and author of a book in which he spoke highly of General Bradley and General Patton, and not so highly of "Monty" and of his tremendous "publicity machine") went far beyond politely recording an official Yugoslav statement. It was more like a *déclaration d'amour* for Yugoslavia: it recalled with great warmth and emotion the happy days when Russia and Yugoslavia were truly in love with each other, adding that, deep down, this love was still alive. If only mother-in-law hadn't interfered. . . .

In speaking of the happy days, Kraminov recalled how, eleven years ago, on November 29, 1943, "in the little Bosnian town of Jajce," the anti-Fascist Council of National Liberation decided to create the Democratic Federal State of Yugoslavia by electing a National Committee, which was soon to become the Provisional Government of Yugoslavia. Two years later, the Constituent Assembly deposed the King and proclaimed the Federal People's Republic. This victory, Kraminov stressed, had been prepared by the heroic struggle of the Yugoslav Partisans against the Germans and their local allies, the Chetniks and the Ustashi; and in their struggle, "as was often emphasised by the Yugoslav leaders," the Partisans were inspired by the heroic example of the Soviet people. The Yugoslav Partisans, said Kraminov, rendered a great service to the Allied cause, by tying up in Yugoslavia a large number of German divisions. Then, in the autumn of 1944, the Soviet Army, "driving before it the shattered Nazi armies," entered Yugoslavia "with the permission of the National Committee," and "gave the Yugoslav patriots its brotherly help in the liberation of Serbia, the Vojvodina and Belgrade."

This story, as published in *Pravda*, is of greater significance than might appear to the uninitiated reader. This brief account of what happened accepts, by and large, the official Yugoslav version that Yugoslavia was mainly liberated by the Yugoslavs themselves, though the intervention of the Red Army was, undoubtedly, of decisive help in the final stages of the Liberation. Kraminov, significantly, refrains from repeating the tendentious (though partly justified) Russian assertions—which used to annoy the Yugoslavs so much—that, if the Yugoslav Partisans were quite effective as guerrilla fighters in the mountains of Bosnia and Montenegro, the main job of clearing the Germans out of the great plains in the North could only be done by a properly equipped modern force like the Russian Army. *Pravda's* suggestion that the great "auxiliary force" in the Yugoslav battle for Liberation was the Red Army, and not the other way round, was certainly calculated to be a sop to Yugoslav pride.

These common sacrifices, Kraminov went on to say, cemented even more the friendship between the two great Slav nations, and helped in establishing a common front by the two countries in the international field, as well as in matters of economic co-operation after the war. But what happened then? Here Kraminov is discretion personified. Without going into details, he simply said that relations between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia suddenly became "unfriendly."

> But this unfriendliness of recent years merely played into the hands of the enemies of both countries—the enemies of peace who hoped to exploit the situation with a view to pursuing their policy "from positions of strength" against the Soviet Union and the Peoples' Democracies, but also with a view to weakening and isolating Yugoslavia. . . . Events have since shown that this continuation of Soviet-Yugoslav unfriendliness harms the interests of both Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union, and leads to an increase in international tension.

After recalling the overtures made by the Soviet Union for the "normalisation" of Soviet-Yugoslav relations, and the favourable response with which these offers met from the Yugoslav Government, *Pravda* continued:

> Trade between the two countries is now being developed, and there is a marked extension of cultural contacts. Both Governments agree that the relations between the two countries must be based on equal rights and non-interference in each other's internal affairs.

The two countries also agreed that they must co-operate with other countries, regardless of their systems of government—notably with a view to preventing war and consolidating peace in Europe.

So far so good. But what follows is written more in sorrow than in anger. On November 13, the Soviet Government proposed a conference of all European countries with a view to establishing a system of collective security; the peace-loving peoples of Europe all warmly approved of this proposal, and "a number of European governments accepted the Soviet proposal." But, unfortunately, not Yugoslavia. True, the Yugoslav Government was very polite about it. It "welcomed and supported the very idea of the Conference" and considered that it would be "a great contribution to the diminution in international tension"; it added, however, that since numerous European countries had refused the Soviet invitation, it might be best to postpone the Conference till some later date. Here *Pravda*, having already sunk all past differences, and having clearly suggested that the Soviet-Yugoslav quarrel of 1948 was due to regrettable mistakes made by everybody concerned, conjured up the German Menace—a menace to all the Slav peoples. To postpone the All-European Conference till after the ratification of German rearmament would "make such a Conference aimless."

> It is obvious that the War Powers, in reviving militarism in Western Germany, are aiming their blow not only against Germany's immediate neighbours. This revival of German militarism represents a deadly danger to all the countries of Europe, but, in the first place, to those countries which made a maximum effort in smashing Nazi Germany. . . . The peoples of the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia have cemented their alliance with the blood of their sons, who died in their struggle for freedom and independence against the mechanised Nazi hordes.

The *Pravda* article leaves it at that, merely saying that, on Yugoslavia's national holiday, the Soviet people wish the Yugoslav people every success in their struggle for peace and prosperity.

It is perhaps significant that neither the name of Tito, nor that of any other Yugoslav leader, should be mentioned, and that the article should be calculated to appeal to certain deep-seated emotions in the hearts of so many Yugoslavs. Among Serbs, Macedonians and Montenegrins, as well as the ex-Partisans (particularly prominent in the Yugoslav C.P.) and the industrial workers, so many of whom were "Cominformist" in 1948, there is a strong feeling of anti-German "Slav solidarity," a nostalgia for the heroic days of "Socialist reconstruction" of 1945-48, and a "soft spot in the heart" for Russia. Even after the break, I remember an elderly peasant near Nish saying that he could never forget that, like the Serbs, Stalin was "a good orthodox Christian" and that the "Red Army" had, already in the past, liberated Serbia from the Turks. Clearly Russia is doing her best—with a chance of success—to strengthen the bonds between her and all other Slav peoples, who may not deeply love Russia, but who do not love Germany at all. Is the ultimate object of these overtures a Soviet-Yugoslav military alliance?

ALEXANDER WERTH

London Diary

As *The Times* would say, why on earth did he do it? Sir Hartley Shawcross was surely the last person to rally to the Premier's defence in the matter of that fabulous telegram to Monty. At a Press conference in Nairobi Sir Hartley said:

> I do not understand what all the fuss is about. In 1945 it was recognised that there was a danger that Russia might overrun Denmark and the Western part of the Continent of Europe. If that had happened, we would have had to resist it by all available means. *That might have included the use of Germans under Allied command—not Nazis, because Hitler had been destroyed.*

Even Lord Simon in his heyday would have found it hard to beat this piece of quick-change lawyer-statesmanship. Sir Hartley entered politics as Attorney-General in the 1945 Labour Government and made his name by his tremendous indictment of the German war criminals. At the time many of us voiced our doubts about the legality of this *ex post facto* trial, and in particular expressed our worry whether the two soldiers Keitel and Jodl, who carried out the politicians' orders, should be condemned to death. Sir Hartley had no such scruples. He then held the view that no distinction should be made between the German General Staff and the Nazi regime: they were all accomplices in the Hitlerite conspiracy. Now, eight years later, his fine legal brain has reached the conclusion that in May, 1945, German soldiers ceased to be Nazis because Hitler had been destroyed. There is, of course, the possibility that he has now been converted to the view of another Socialist lawyer, Mr. Paget, who made himself very unpopular after the war by denouncing the war crimes trials and defending General von Manstein. If Sir Hartley, after years of heart-searching, has now reached the terrible conclusion that he played a leading role in what was tantamount to judicial murder, surely he should tell us so frankly. The British public is always kind to a politician who frankly admits the error of his ways.

* * *

A number of correspondents who will have passed their twenty-sixth birthday on January 1, 1955, have written to complain that they are excluded from competing for the *N.S. & N.* prizes for an essay on Faith and Reason. Obviously, letters of a similar kind would have reached this office if we had set an age limit of forty; if we had said under seventy, septuagenarians would have been furious. One or two more thoughtful writers have urged that we

ought to have set an older age limit because men and women under twenty-six have not had time to think out and formulate their position; they may still be unsure whether they are agnostics, materialists, Christians, or Buddhists. The answer is that an age limit of twenty-six was deliberately chosen because we were not looking for a glossy collection of confirmed opinions, which would perhaps make a sophisticated book, but were hoping to stimulate men and women with minds still in the formative stage to display, if they wished, their conflicts, their indecisions, and the influences now working upon them in one direction or another. We argued, for instance, that if a student reaches a university at the age of twenty-one after his period of National Service, and then takes a degree, perhaps in science or philosophy, he is likely to be deterred from submitting an essay if there is a chance that the don or lecturer who has guided his studies may himself be a competitor. Obviously, we could have received more mature essays if we had invited established philosophers to compete, but that would have defeated the object of the exercise.

* * *

In the Onassis affair, as in the case of the late Mr. Jenkins's ear, "those dagoes" have had a bad press in this country: Peru's seizure of the whalers has been described as tantamount to piracy. But if you read Latin American newspapers, you get a very different picture. For instance, *El Mercurio*, which enjoys in Chile something like the status of *The Times* here, comments that the 200-mile limit off the S. American coast (claimed in unison by Chile, Peru and Ecuador in August, 1952) was designed solely to prevent the extermination of whales in the Humboldt Current. Further, the annual quota for this whaling area is supposed to be a catch of 16,000 tons; but, according to *El Mercurio*, one single ship, the *Olympic Challenger* of the Onassis fleet, was loading 12,000 tons of whales when intercepted. It is reported, too, that the master of this ship, when apprehended, destroyed his log book—a curious act, if true. The assurance with which the Chilean as well as the Peruvian press defends the seizure suggests that, if the case goes to the Hague Court, it will be a toughly contested issue.

* * *

I hope that the protest sent recently to Teheran by Francois Mauriac, Georges Duhamel, and other distinguished French liberals, will have some effect in curbing the reign of terror which the Shah and his Premier, General Zahedi, are pursuing in Iran About ten thousand people are computed to be now in prison on political charges, including seven hundred army officers, of whom twenty-one have been executed this autumn, after secret trials. Last month, Hussein Fatemi, who was Foreign Minister in Dr. Mossadeq's Government, was executed for "treason" by a firing squad; and the fate of Mr. Karimpur Shiraki, editor of a pro-Mossadeq newspaper, was horrible. According to current reports, he was murdered in his cell by having paraffin poured over his body and lit. The Government's defence is, of course, that the near-Communist Tudeh party has been plotting a *coup*, and that this is why the whole of Iran has had to be placed under martial law. This would be no excuse for atrocities, even if it were true. In fact, however, the evidence suggests that the purge has been extended, far beyond the ranks of Communists and "Leftists," to all the progressive elements—intellectuals, trade union leaders and students—in the country. By a grim coincidence, each of the two instalments of dollar aid so far remitted to Iran was paid on the day following a batch of executions.

* * *

The notion that there is a common law right to stand up and make a speech anywhere in public, and especially in certain places like Trafalgar Square and Lincoln's Inn Fields, is commonly held by British citizens, especially, perhaps, by those who want to exercise it. In point of fact, such a meeting can at any time be held to be technically an obstruction of the highway and can be prevented by the police. This is what happened in the East End when the Socialist movement was in its infancy. Using the technique that the I.W.W. developed to such effect in America, one speaker after another would mount a rostrum, make his opening remarks and then quietly surrender to the waiting police. The authorities soon became embarrassed and the public began to laugh at and resent such absurd persecution. Now, certain places, like Trafalgar Square and Tower Hill, have been so long and so habitually used that no Home Secretary would interfere with meetings there except in an emergency. In the days of John Burns, Cunningham Graham and Bernard Shaw (who declared he himself ran away when the police began to look ugly), the crowds were so great in Trafalgar Square that the police did decide to interfere. Afterwards it was agreed—and the agreement is enshrined in Regulations made by the Ministry of Works—that at certain times Nelson would look down with a blind eye on mortals arguing and haranguing. Clearly, free speech as thus defined, is a precarious liberty which, like others, can only be maintained at the cost of eternal vigilance.

* * *

These thoughts are put into my mind by complaints that speakers in Lincoln's Inn Fields are being obstructed. We know them well, at least by sight. There is the tall, handsome man with the well-combed flowing locks, who is often taken for an Indian, but known to his fans as the Cockney Jesus. The title sprang from a remark he addressed to a lady in his audience. "Madam," he was heard to declare, "I am not saying that I *am* Jesus Christ." Pacifists of rather different types may be heard from two corners of the Fields. There is also the entertaining Mr. Bonar Thompson, who still seems to talk about anything with equal facility and success. There are a variety of Socialist speakers, including the undaunted fellow from the Socialist Party of Great Britain, several Communists, and a large red-faced official speaker for the Tories. One or two of these collect considerable crowds almost every day. The technique of acquiring the site for oneself is to go early in the morning with some sort of stand, set it up, and maintain it with the goodwill of the police against all rivals. The complaint now made is that motorists, preferring parking space to oratory, have recently been allowed by the police to obstruct the site in the lunch hour. I hope that the obstruction has been, from a police point of view, purely accidental. As one who suffers a good deal in this office from being unable not to hear the cloud of oratory which comes through his windows, I should be personally quite glad if meetings occurred less often. But as a citizen with a love of the British tradition in my heart I should certainly sign and support any petition against such abuse of traditional usage if I were persuaded, as in fact I am not, that the police were parties to it. Indeed, I rely on the police to tell the obstructors where to get off.

CRITIC

NIGHT PIECE

Unless something is done about London vice, Britain's tourist industry might suffer.—Chairman of the British Tourist Association.

The harlot's cry from street to street,
Will weave Old England's winding-sheet!
This prophecy of coming woe
Fell all unheeded long ago,
While painted women of the Town
Tripped in Mayfair up and down,
Where on the self-same beat today
The streetwalker accosts her prey;
For heedless of its social curse,
The West End's gone from bad to worse.
Have Britain's Island Pharisees
Scotched this dire, ingrained disease?
Can the law, confused and vague,
Extirpate the spreading plague?
Does a statutory fine
Make the prostitute repine,
Or one week's imprisonment
Make her of her ways repent?
No sooner freed from cell and court,
Back to her beat will she resort.
But now a graver warning sounds,
Based on more material grounds,
For Piccadilly's vice parade
Hinders Britain's tourist trade.
While other cities hide their shame
In licensed houses of ill-fame,
London flaunts what they forbid
In New York, Brussels, Rome, Madrid,
And here the visitor may see
The capital of harlotry.
Piccadilly and Park Lane
Make the *hotelier* complain,
Bond St., St. James's and Mayfair
Precious dollars chase elsewhere,
Jermyn Street's voracious crush
Makes the Argentinian blush,
No traveller will visit twice
This hotbed of nocturnal vice.
Let London then for good uproot
The predatory prostitute,
And cleanse its most exclusive parts
Infested now with West End tarts.
The prostitute might be allowed,
When merely weaving England's shroud,
But not when harlots in the street
Affect Old England's balance-sheet!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mrs. M. Perry, of 79, Bexley Lane, Sidcup, won the first prize of a double-bed mattress, offered by William Perring, of High Street, Sidcup, for a verse combining the merits of this type of mattress and of the film, "Romeo and Juliet," showing at the Odeon Cinema, Sidcup.—*Kentish Times*. (M. Gloster.)

I have noticed that when horses encounter Sir Winston Churchill they have greeted him with flattened ears, a sign of distrust and suspicion. Is it that these noble animals are quicker than we to see into the depths of his character?—Letter in *Reynolds News*. (Alan E. Slater.)

A man I know sees such a lot of sense in the manifestoes of the rival parties at election times that he can't conscientiously vote for either. He only votes if a third party, without the faintest chance of getting in, puts up. Then he votes for him, for, as he says, his vote may save the poor chap's deposit, and do no harm.—*Reveille*. (B. C. Rogers.)

A wife was not sure whom she should live with—her husband or another man. So she and the other man went to Westminster Abbey and prayed for guidance.—*News Chronicle*. (J. G. D. Walker.)

Sleeper to Canton

THE Shanghai express steamed into Canton station one minute ahead of schedule. A run of 1,800 miles in 45 hours may not be express speed by British standards, but we were in no mood to cavil at it. For one and a half days and two nights the three of us—two M.P.s and a doctor—had lived, eaten and slept with the new democracy. By the end of the journey not even the Soviet experts two compartments away from ours were more at home than we. The Americans would say we had been indoctrinated. If so, it was by accident. During the previous three weeks we had toured China as part of a delegation of 20, which meant that our Chinese hosts, always anxious for our comfort, had sent us about the country in our own separate plane, train coach or bus. Then at Shanghai three of us had turned south, homeward bound, and had found ourselves caught up in the local train life, a mere two-compartments' worth of foreigners in a Chinese community.

This was how we discovered the new democracy—the Suggestions Book, for instance, which we stumbled across a bare thirty minutes out of Shanghai. Before we could settle down in our rather austere sleepers, with their bare boards and horsehair bunks (Soft class), the conductor was down our coach with his broom. We lifted our feet obediently as he chased the cigarette ends from under us and we marvelled at his diligence. Our berths were obviously going to be kept scrupulously clean. None the less, for three weeks we had been encouraged by everybody from Chou En-lai downwards to criticise the failings of the new regime and we therefore sought out our young interpreter, Mr. Li. Dust, we knew, was as much frowned on in the the new China as flies —white cotton masks to protect nose and throat were as common as fly swatters. The conductor's activity, we pointed out, praiseworthy as it was, tended to raise dust. Could he not, we suggested helpfully, sprinkle the floor first with liquid disinfectant? Or, at a pinch, with the green tea leaves which filled our glasses and floated into our mouths in a wet mass every time we tried to take a sip of tea?

Encouraged by Mr. Li's grave appraisal of our proposal, we felt a desire to carry it to higher authority. Ought there not, we asked, to be a Suggestions Book on every train as there was in every factory which we had visited? Mr. Li said that indeed there was such a book and that it was regularly used as a link between the passengers and staff. At the end of each journey, before going off duty, the staff of the train, comprising coach conductors, two nurses, the restaurant staff and the chief conductor, held a meeting to consider the passengers' complaints. After discussion the chief conductor wrote the staff's reply at the bottom of each entry. Frequent complaints against a member of the staff would mean a black mark; frequent praise would help towards promotion.

The first entry in the book slightly shook our Western scepticism. "The conductor in our coach is enthusiastic," translated Mr. Li, "and has a sense of responsibility. He has been very helpful. Four of us make this comment. But one official in Souchow station had a bad attitude towards an old woman who was a soldier's mother. She bought a ticket for the slow train, but in fact boarded the express and the official wanted her to pay excess fare. The passengers criticised his attitude and under pressure from the masses, the official agreed to solve this problem by consulting a higher official." "What happened?" we asked breathlessly. The upshot, said Mr. Li, was that it was agreed she should stay on the express without paying extra fare. Chief conductor's entry: "The

bis dat—

Splendid! Many more readers got busy last week-end than on the previous one and there fell into our Monday morning letter-box a minor avalanche of Christmas Gift Subscriptions to the paper.

There is something perennially popular about this Gift Offer, which is a two-way one. We find it pays us in the long run to sacrifice two-thirds of the normal subscription charge in return for getting your introductions to the right sort of new reader. It also enables you to give a rather handsome present at little cost—only Seven Shillings and Sixpence to send the paper to a friend (who must not be buying it already) for six months and to any address in the world. (Three Gifts for One Pound, and similarly for multiples of three.)

So please let us again keep the flow going this week-end and coming week so that the work of handling these subscriptions doesn't fall too heavily on our hard-working staff, who, after all, are looking forward like everybody else to a break at Christmas.

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matter will be reported to Souchow station and I hope passengers will continue to criticise and uncover abuses." We cheered the victory of the masses over bureaucracy.

The next entry almost brought us to our feet. A passenger who was obviously as antipathetic to the train loudspeaker as we were, suggested that it should announce all the stations through which the train was to pass during the night *before* the passengers went to sleep. Official comment: "The suggestion is accepted and will be carried out. In future the conductor will wake passengers individually on request during the night." Later we were able to test that the Suggestions Book really worked. From 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. the loudspeaker was blessedly silent.

At this point someone discovered a fly in the compartment and we enthusiatically summoned the conductor. Having used his fly swatter with skill he looked at us reproachfully. We had not only opened the window but lifted the anti-mosquito mesh as well. Would we please pull down the mesh? When he had left we had a struggle with our consciences. If we closed the window and lifted the mesh, we stifled but could see the view. If we opened the window and pulled down the mesh, vice versa. We longed to close our compartment door and cheat, but the pull of the new morality was strong upon us. So we decided to stifle for a while in order not to miss Hangchow, the beauty of whose lake was coming into view.

At Hangchow station everyone tumbled out of the train for a walk and a stretch. The first thing we saw was our conductor busily swabbing down the outside of our coach with hot water. We began to feel actively pro-conductor. The passengers were obviously having a high time of it, crowding round the stall to buy hot dumplings with sweet soya bean paste; drinking their endless cups of tea; strolling in the sun to the music of the loudspeaker. Someone in a Hard-class bunk was asleep, cooling a pair of remarkably clean, bare feet through the open window, comfortably anti-social. Yet, as we learned, when Mr. Li resumed his translations of the book, passengers did not have it all their own way. One who actually complained that he could not hear the loudspeaker in his coach, (*autre pays, autres moeurs*!), was told that he had been travelling in a coach which the train staff used for their rest and in which the loudspeaker was not supposed to operate. Another passenger overflowed with gratitude: "When I had no seat and was not feeling well, the conductor helped me to the sick compartment. The nurse gave me medicine and massage, and I recovered." Comment: "The nurse will be congratulated."

That evening Mr. Li wanted to serve our meal in our compartment, but we would have none of it. We waited our turn (fourth service), and in due course picked our way through a couple of Hard-class coaches to the restaurant car. The coaches had rows of triple-tiered bunks opening on to a common gangway, less private but not obviously less comfortable than ours. The restaurant car, Mr. Li explained, was common to both Hard and Soft passengers. We took out our chopsticks to an excellent meal in the company of a group of soldiers. From their casual uniform of beige cotton, it was difficult to tell privates from officers. Privates, we learned, travelled Hard and officers Soft, but they ate together. Our clumsy handling of the food brought friendly smiles. One of them wore a couple of medals won in the Korean war, and look pleased when he saw us studying them.

The loudspeaker had resumed its raucous dialogue. "What is it talking about?" we asked for the twentieth time. "Sanitation," said Mr. Li laconically. He was a poor hand at propaganda; information had to be dragged from him. "What sanitation?" we persisted. "Please put your rubbish in a heap for conductor," said Mr. Li; "do not spit." We thought of all the spitoons from which we had averted our eyes along the corridor. It was still half dark when I was awakened by the tumult of passengers alighting at a country station early next morning. Half-dressed, I stumbled on to the platform, where shadowy figures were systematically bending and stretching against the brightening sky, unconcernedly keeping fit. I would have liked to join in, but my Western self-consciousness was too strong. I asked Mr. Li later what the passengers would have felt if I, too, had started touching my toes. "Pleased," said Mr. Li briefly.

As I stood in the corridor waiting my turn to wash I began to appreciate the complaint in the suggestions book about passengers who monopoised the washbowl for too long. Although it was only 7 a.m., the Soviet experts had got in first and for once I regretted the silence of the loudspeaker. The chief conductor had promised it would be used to remind washing enthusiasts to hurry up. I finally got my turn by standing over a Chinese passenger while he elaborately cleaned his teeth. The wash-bowl was in a recess open to the corridor, and one kept as clean as one could in full view of one's fellow passengers. My Chinese friend went through the long ritual to which we had become accustomed: soaking a large flannel in hot water and poulticing his face with it. He was quite unconcerned at my interest.

At breakfast we apologetically reverted to Western food. Ham and three eggs, bread and butter and tea cost 7,000 Yuan per head, or about 2s. 4d. at the official rate. At the next table a woman who looked as if she had come straight off a co-operative farm was obviously appreciating a large plateful of noodles and chopped meat. We began to wonder what sort of people used the train. Was travel rationed? Mr. Li said no; sometimes people had to queue for tickets, but pressure on the accommodation was usually not too great. The Soft-class fare from Shanghai to Canton was 485,000 Yuan, a month's wage for an unskilled worker. The Hard-class fare was 40 per cent cheaper; and most people on the train were travelling much shorter distances.

By the time the train was moving through the breath-taking beauty of Hunan province, we were smiling at everybody and everybody was smiling at us. The sun shone. The medical man in our party, notoriously untidy, was seen putting his tangerine peel in a neat pile. It was in this mood that we asked Mr. Li to make the following entry in the suggestions book: "We three English visitors, two M.P.s and a doctor, wish to congratulate the staff of this train on the high standard of service given to the passengers. We have also been much impressed by the quality of the food served in the restaurant. We have only one criticism to make: we feel that, in the interests of health, spitting should be prohibited." Mr. Li wrote it all down non-commitally. It was sad, we thought, as we reached the end of our journey, that we should never read the chief conductor's reply. Two days later we left Canton for home. Dead on time the train began to move, speeded on its way by a gay tune on the loudspeaker. The steward was round with his tea kettle almost before we had settled down. An hour later the coach conductor was unobtrusively dusting the backs of the seats.

At the frontier we said goodbye to Mr. Li. He accepted our thanks with his accustomed reserve and returned our good wishes with a warmth that we almost felt entitled to interpret as affection. Perhaps we were right. When we looked back several minutes later from the care of a smart representative of the Hong Kong police, Mr. Li's tiny blue figure was still at the frontier gate, and gave us a last wave as we turned to look. The train to Hong Kong was clean and shiny. At frequent intervals a persistent salesman came round with a loaded basket chanting "Coca-Cola, chocolates, cigarettes." The train was nearly empty, custom poor, and he would not leave us in peace. In Hong Kong, sex postured at us on the hoardings and the Chinese women, in their tight slit skirts, looked provocatively different. We were back in a private enterprise society where the customer is always right, provided he can pay; where service is given with a smile, if there is a tip in it; where "values" had become monetary again. We felt naked and, in some strange, inexplicable way, ashamed. Perhaps the Americans are right and our brains ought to be re-washed.

BARBARA CASTLE

British Justice

THE cause of law reform so seldom gets a crumb that it should decently touch its cap in honour of the Queen's speech: the jurisdiction of the County Courts is to be increased "in order to relieve pressure of business in my Courts of law." The sixty-three judges of the County Courts in England and Wales can certainly carry some of the simpler work now hampering the High Court Bench. As the excellent *Daily Mirror* pamphlet *Spotlight on Justice* has just pointed out, the County Courts have not enough work to keep them busy for five full days a week, even allowing for their long vacation. But to increase the number of County Court actions by decreasing those in the High Court would be to withhold legal aid from a class of litigant at present within its scope, and accordingly the Attorney-General announced last Monday that legal aid will shortly be extended to the "poor man's court."

This phrase is at present a misnomer for the County Courts. Speaking generally, they can deal only with claims up to £200; and the *Daily Mirror* pamphlet sensibly suggests that although, if there *must* be a financial limit, it should now be £2,000, in fact any limit depending on the amount of money at stake is wrong:

> The idea of fixing a low financial limit was due to the wish to preserve the County Court as a "poor man's Court." But now it is the High Court that has become the poor man's Court. In the High Court he can obtain legal aid and in the County Court he cannot.

As the years went by and no sign appeared that the Legal Aid and Advice Act, 1949, was to be applied where it was most needed, one almost came to believe that the Government wanted to encourage High Court litigation and relieve the County Courts. If so, it would have been simpler and more logical to increase the circuit Judges: the delay in criminal cases at some Assize Courts is still almost medieval—I know of a current one in which an unconvicted man has spent four and a half months in jail awaiting trial. The *Daily Mirror* pamphlet, which is against further High Court appointments because the salary of a Queen's Bench Judge is now £8,000, estimates that another eight Judges would be needed to reduce High Court congestion and that this would "cost the taxpayers £64,000 a year in salaries alone." This calculation overlooks a factor not forgotten by H.M. Judges: about £50,000 would go back to the taxpayers by way of income tax.

One feature of the pamphlet that deserves wide

Neither saints nor sages...

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Issued by the British Insurance Association

publicity is its devastating answer to those critics of the legal aid scheme (they are mostly Judges, whose function is rather to administer the scheme than to snipe at it) who see it as a new "Welfare State" burden for non-aided litigants. At fairly regular intervals a Judge says something like this: "Here is a man who has been given legal aid. It is useless to make any order for costs against him. I have protested repeatedly against this system, under which the State subsidises a litigant and then, when he loses, leaves his adversary to pay his own costs." The truth, as *Spotlight on Justice* points out, is that most of the non-aided litigants are transport companies, nationalised undertakings, or big firms or individuals covered by insurance; and legal costs, moreover, are often chargeable as an expense for income tax purposes. Out of 2,038 legally aided and successful "negligence" claims (not running-down cases) in the High Court, 2,030 judgments were fully satisfied, including the payment of costs and damages, within a year.

On the way down from the High Court to the working level of police behaviour in the Magistrates' Courts, the *Daily Mirror* pamphlet gradually sheds objectivity, and has the appearance of doing it with relief. The Magistrates come in for some sharp raps and little praise, especially the lazy half of them who won't join the Magistrates' Association, the still lazier few who go to sleep on the Bench, and the famous Mayor who was able to insist on sitting as Chairman of his Bench although everyone knew he had been convicted seventy-nine times himself (he got it up to eighty-one during his year of office!). The fatuity of "political balance" as the paramount consideration in appointing to the Bench—this is still the invariable rule—is also condemned. But the pamphlet over-estimates the anxiety of public men and women to be Magistrates. There are no queues of *suitable* candidates. By and large, these have to be sought out, and it is in that light that you have to consider such demands as this pamphlet has to make in its recommendations on methods of appointment:

> New Magistrates not to take their places on the Bench until they have undergone training and have passed an examination showing that they have some knowledge of their responsibilities.

The truth has to be faced, although most people agree that a Magistrate should know something about his job before he starts, that the idea of an unpaid and volunteer Magistracy will always be difficult to reconcile with any rigid conditions of entry. Then why not a trained and paid Magistracy everywhere? The answer is that every sizeable town in England and Wales has been entitled to a "stipendiary," if it wanted one and was prepared to pay him, for over seventy years, but that less than twenty have ever wanted one. Either, therefore, we are satisfied with our J.P.s or we think (and we may be right) that paid ones would be worse.

And the Police?

> The police run the Courts. They guard the doors, marshal the public, boss defendants—"Stand up," "Take your hands out of your pockets"—and generally create the impression that they are in charge.

An impression which is heightened when the Magistrates' Court is in the same building as the police station, and especially when the superintendent can "slip through a little door in the Court straight into his own office and back again in the middle of a case. . . . And when the verdict goes against him he can stamp off into his office next door." In too many courts, says *Spotlight on Justice*, any defendant who suggests that the police are mistaken is asking for trouble. "In the minds of many constables the way to promotion is through securing convictions in the Courts . . . One of the biggest abuses of the individual's legal rights is for him to be taken to the police station for questioning without having been officially arrested."

Except for the stamping superintendent and the fact that a policeman can make only one kind of arrest, there is more than a little justification in all this—as there is in the pamphlet's complaint about the discrepant penalties imposed in different Magistrates' Courts (and sometimes in the same ones) for apparently identical offences. (Comparing penalties is a well-established method of disparagement, but *Spotlight on Justice* rather bungles this part of its case: there is absolutely no indication whether its examples are truly comparable, and it is seldom in practice that any two cases are. It is usual today, for example, to fit the penalty to the offender rather than to the offence.)

But here, in a threepenny pamphlet that is well produced at what must be a very considerable loss, is a lively, fearless, and often shrewd attack on British Justice—an institution constantly spoken and written of with an adulation that no human device has ever deserved, and with the very kind of complacency that most urgently invites the cocking of snooks. The *Daily Mirror* has cocked an instructive and public-spirited snook.

C. H. ROLPH

The Weizmann

A DESERT-SETTLER, who measures water by the cupful and scrabbles in the dust for his future meals, is not the best audience for a dissertation on tritium-isotypes or polyelectrolytes: not even when he is a university graduate who has forsaken a life of learning to tend sheep, like the Jewish immigrant to whom I tried to explain what goes on at the Weizmann Institute of Science. That Institute, one of the best equipped in the world, has been established as part of "Yad Chaim Weizmann," the national memorial project which commemorates the first President of Israel at Rehovot. It includes the Sieff Institute, founded 21 years ago, where Dr. Weizmann, in the days of the Mandate, had his own laboratories; but it has grown, and spread, into a whole series of buildings covering the many aspects of pure, academic research.

Now the achievements of pure research, significant to a learned society, are not very meaningful to people struggling with the urgencies of existence. And there are those in Israel who think that The Weizmann is a luxury which a country in a hurry to make itself a viable State can barely afford. Because I think that The Weizmann is more than just a symbol, or a piece of scientific bravado, and that it is important to the present and future of Israel, I tried to explain as much to doubters, including my immigrant shepherd. It was not easy, because while pure research can have ultimate practical value, and while the line between "pure" and "applied" is often unreal, it is unreasonable to ask a scientist, as one would ask a tradesman, to "give an estimate."

That does not mean that scientists should not try to explain, without jargon, what they are doing. Take, for instance, the tritium work at The Weizmann. "And what is tritium?" I was asked in a *kibbutz*. I told them that tritium is "triple hydrogen," a radioactive isotope three times the mass of ordinary hydrogen, and that it can be turned into an H-bomb. Indeed, the Americans built a plant at Savannah, at the cost of 3,000 million dollars, to make it. "But," was the impatient reply, "we haven't got 3,000 million dollars and we aren't going to make H-bombs." Nor is The Weizmann. When I went on to explain that the scientists there are working with fractions of tritium so small that they form one part in a million, million, million parts of water, that, at first hearing, sounded equally absurd.

But was it? In the Isotope Division of The Weizmann, they now have a standard practice, a routine instrumentation, by which they can detect and measure the presence of tritium in samples of ground-water. Tritium has a half-life of 12½ years, that is to say, its radioactivity will diminish by half in that time; and it is possible to measure the decay and to reckon the age of water by a "tritium-calendar." Science can tell the geologists and water finders of Israel whether the spring or a well is regularly, or only sporadically, replenished by rain, and how much water can be drawn without exhausting the wells.

"Polyelectrolytes" is another repellant word, which may mean a lot to the scientist, but precious little to the shepherd—even if he is a graduate. Yet one day it may mean that that dusty desert, where now flocks are scattered to the horizon, hunting for sparse vegetation, will produce crops; that the salty well will give drinking water; that the shepherd may have a "muscle-engine" to help him in his work. Naturally this is difficult to explain. Polyelectrolytes are man-made substances in which the molecules repeat themselves as links in a long chain, but under acid conditions the chain is coiled, like a resting snake, while, in alkali, it uncoils and has an electric charge. This uncoiling fills up more space, so that the solution becomes viscous (a "pure" scientific explanation of something that housewives have known for generations—that table-jellies "gel"). But, in extension, the molecules attract or repel other molecules, dependent on whether they have a positive or a negative charge.

So with the help of such chemicals, particles of soil can be made to cluster together, to form crumbs and eventually lumps of porous soil which will hold water and enable seeds in it to breathe and to root. That is the principle of the soil-conditioners, which are already commercially available but which are not yet the answer to Israel's massive problem. They are useful in heavy soils, but the researchers in Israel are searching for polyelectrolytes which will bind desert dust and sand into productive soil—and at a price cheap enough for widespread use.

Similarly, such molecules can separate minerals from water. Again, such a system already exists. The work on it was carried on for some time at The Weizmann, but the scientist went to America to continue it. The method has been patented there and the apparatus which I saw producing drinking water at Sodom, on the Dead Sea, was commercially manufactured in the U.S. But it is costly and Israeli scientists are still hunting for a cheaper method capable of removing salt from even greater quantities of water and, perhaps, even fulfilling Ben Gurion's hope that the brine of the seas will provide irrigation water for the Negev Desert.

The "muscle-engine" is another variant. The scientists have made strips of polyphosphate jelly. In alkali, the strips expanded to three times their length, and in acid contracted fully. Weights are attached to such strips and, alternating acid and alkali, the weight was lifted and lowered—just as in the case of the living muscle. Here is the principle of a very simple mechano-chemical engine, needing no fuel nor electricity.

In another field, Israel is already the world's principal manufactory of heavy oxygen. The Weizmann, which developed a column-separation process, exports supplies even to Harwell. the

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No. 203

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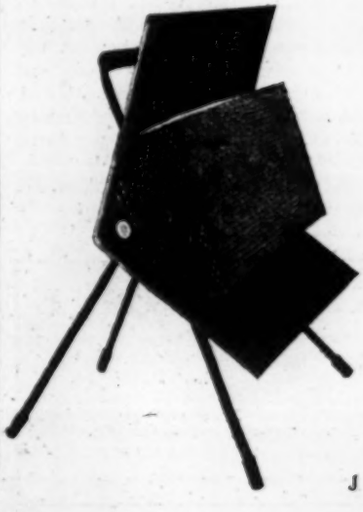

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British Atomic Research Station. And, as an extension of the method, they are producing heavy hydrogen, and heavy water, that important component in atomic reactors. Israel, indeed, is looking to atomic energy as a source of power in a country destitute, so far, of fuel. A group of young Jewish nuclear physicists have reassembled at The Weizmann after training in the advanced nuclear establishments abroad; they are extremely able and, while theirs is "pure" research, they will be the brains and teachers behind Israel's training for its place in the atomic age.

The Weizmann is still very young. Its reputation, for the moment, depends on its association with the great scientist, Chaim Weizmann, who used his own scientific achievements to bring a state into being. But the Institute can help to consolidate that state and affiliate Israel to the great Commonwealth of Science.

RITCHIE CALDER

Beyond the Pale

AT Lords, or the Oval or Old Trafford the crowds come from the Community and not just from the Class. Rich and poor, aristocracy and proletariat, middle class and indefinables have to share their cricket because there is no other major summer sport. But with the coming of winter, the social classes separate as automatically as Labour Party factions in the House of Commons tea-room.

Despite Pegasus and Charterhouse; despite the smart ladies who appear at Cup Finals because Royalty is likely to be there, Association football is mainly a working-class game. Except in Devon and Cornwall, in South Wales and parts of the North-West, Rugby Union is almost wholly professional middle class. The reason possibly is that one can play soccer of a sort in a back street or on the asphalt playground usually attached to State schools. But unless you are South African or contemplating suicide, you can only play rugger on turf; and stretches of turf are not readily available unless you happen to attend a preparatory or Public school.

So while soccer matches are generally forthright, broad humoured, elemental outings, rugger matches are middle-class occasions, informal, reserved and leisured; and the pleasantest and most typical of such occasions is the Varsity Match at Twickenham each December.

Most people who watch this match make a day of it. There's not much point in going to the office, old boy, when the kick-off's at 2.15. Anyway there's the steady, well-bred parade before the start on the crunchy gravel behind the West Stand, a parade in search of old friends and half-forgotten youth, which few can bear to miss. So there's little of the twenty-four-to-a-compartment scramble and none of the straight-from-the-mill-in-working-clothes rush that one knows at soccer matches. Instead, whether they come by train, by coach, or foot or by car, the spectators come leisurely through the morning mists and settle at ease to their luncheon baskets and their hot rum punch. Then under a reddening sun they parade behind the stand.

Some of the present-day undergraduates in scarves and duffle coats greeting the friends they last saw three days ago. "Hullo, so you made it after all. See you in the bar after the match". *Crunch, crunch.* Some came down a few years ago. They look smart in their caps and "country" clothes. Their girls look smarter still but a little dispirited, for they are beginning to realise that soon they'll be very cold, that they might as well have put on woollies and fur-lined boots since, obviously, today their men aren't going to look at them. They trail behind, while their husbands, fiancés or boy friends stride into the throng eager to clutch back some friendships which have begun the long slide of time. "Well, well, well. Haven't seen you for years. Do you know the wife? Let's see, what are you doing now? Well, must be getting along." And along they get, *crunch, crunch,* on the gravel, the half-touched friendship sliding away again from their grasp. And there are the older men, down so long that they are almost out, groping after faces, groping after names, vividly remembering only that they themselves were once young. "Dear me, so it's really you. How nice to see you. You haven't changed at bit," they say; but they think, "How old he is, how lined, how grey. Thank goodness I've worn better". Crunch, crunch, crunch on the gravel they all go, memory sauntering, until the 15-minute bell reminds them of the present.

Ah, the present! At the thought of the match, eyes clear and sentiment fades into the mist. For these spectators are expert. All the men have played this game themselves, and even the long-suffering women know the rules. Friendly greeting now gives way to technical advice. "Make your angle, sir." . . . "Use your feet." . . . "Get your head lower, that man in the front row. . . ." These crisp, authoritative instructions are unheard by the players because, of course, no middle-class Englishman will ever shout except in case of fire or damage to property. But they relieve tension. So do the muttered imprecations—"Oh, you miserable little man"—which come from between tight-shut teeth. Young, middle-aged and old keep firm hold on their breeding. They keep as long as possible their real or sentimental partisanship. But, as the game proceeds, distinctions of age vanish and young, middle-aged and old become a single group of technicians. Youthful callowness and the wrinkles of age are alike erased.

This happened once again last Tuesday. The big crowd settled itself to watch, to appraise, to judge and to enjoy. But towards the end something happened which suggested either that the shell of the professional middle class had cracked since the war or that this particular match was even worse than I thought. Nothing exciting, interesting or good, except for the cool competence of Davies, the Cambridge full back, had been vouchsafed. There were no open movements, no break-aways, no forward rushes. There had merely been a Cambridge penalty goal, kicked by Davies. With a dragging quarter of an hour left for play, the Cambridge fly-half decided to stop play by kicking for touch. With the field wide open for a passing movement and the ball in his hands, he turned in his first stride and poked the ball over the line. At that, from all over the field, from old and young, from Oxford supporter and from Cambridge supporter, there came a long, deep Boo. They had stood so much, these experts, and now they would stand no more.

Of course, after a moment's reflection, custom and breeding were reasserted. Hrrumph! Throats were cleared, noses blown. H'm. Let's see. Where were we? Self-consciousness descended like a sponge to mop the warm blood which momentarily had stirred this respectable rugger crowd to soccer heat. And soon, as the damp mist raised itself from the ground, the game was over and we could go home. Old men became again old men and the young returned to youth, memories slipped down into forgetfulness and fingers ceased to beckon towards old, back-turned friendships. But one firm memory remains—that of the professional middle-class crowd suddenly saying to itself: "This play is bad, we're damned if we'll stand any more of it," and showing its feeling regardless of convention or breeding. In that moment this rugger crowd became at one, not merely with itself, but with its soccer brethren beyond the pale.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

VICKY'S CHURCHILL

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Home Thoughts from Lourenço Marques

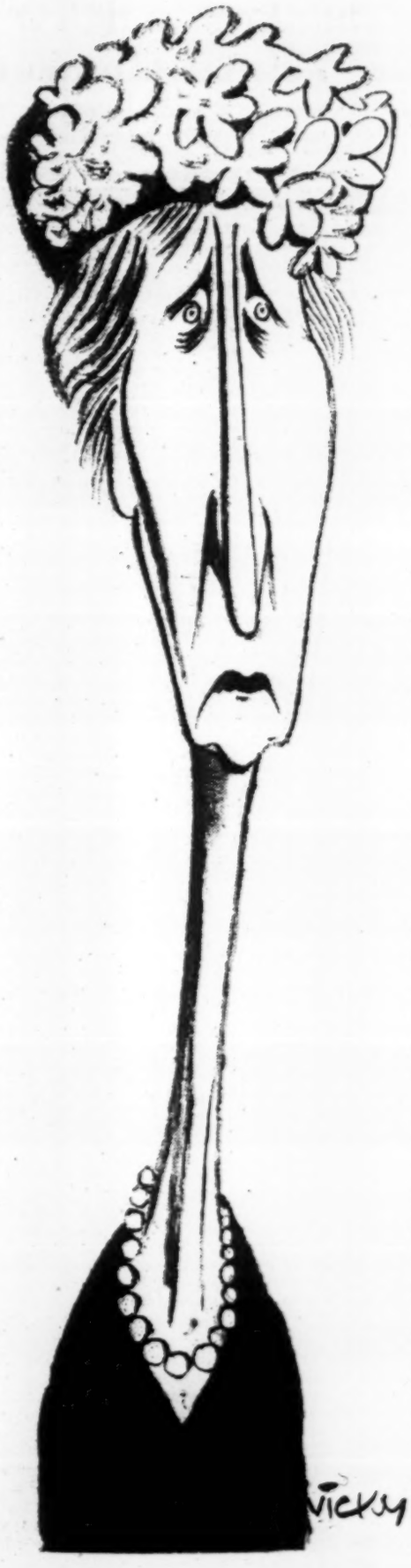
Under the flamboyant trees and the jacarandas out of season
The avenue lies quiet, like a dog in the dust.
"Quite like home," they say,
And the paint on the concrete villas
Curls up like sunburnt skin on shoulders
Caressed by the indolent absent-minded sun.
Narrow shadows lie black, fixed to the roots of the trees:
"Just as at home, at Lisbon, at the hour of the siesta."

But is it a shadow that moves, detaches itself,
And cracks suddenly in the white teeth of a smile?
Is it Lisbon that sounds
In that low laugh and three musical words?
The tarred road runs for ten miles,
Then bush, and the people.
Who knows?
Under the ragged trousers, under the pretty head-cloth,
Behind the chocolate navel, bare between bodice
And printed cotton over the narrow hips.
Who knows?
But in town you feel yourself at home, don't you?
The beer, served with bitter boiled beans and tiny shellfish
Cooked with red pepper, just like at home.
And if at the next table the people are black ones,
What would you? This is Africa, exile.
But what we have made
Comforts us. Don't you feel it's like Portugal?
But Portugal's strange to you? Yes, I assure you,
This is like home, this is what we are used to,
You can be at your ease.

Look on the river, cattle going to water,
Boys swimming and laughing, splashing sparks in the sunlight,
Peaceful the wrinkled fisherman in the creaking canoe.
And if the waters part, black bubble rises,
Resolves itself by a rapid rotation of ears
Into the telescopic eyes of a hippo; and watches?
And pink nostrils lead in, to the life of what flesh?
What will you think?
That yawn, unhurried and insolent,
Those brutal teeth
Blunt from grazing on the strange herbage of the riverbed.
Is that the gullet down which you'll disappear?
Forget it. The human species, for all its odd behaviour
Yet covers up the brute
With a façade that one may hope to understand.
Perhaps in vain,
Those gentler eyes are deep enough.

C. H. WADDINGTON

Last Asquithian



It is perhaps unlikely that a future historian will wish to devote a great deal of attention to Lady Violet Bonham Carter or, for that matter, find much enduring material to work on should he be affected by so improbable an urge. A footnote or two in the political memoirs of the best people, a comment on her brilliance as a public speaker, an awed but undocumented tribute to her wit—and that makes up a piecemeal monument, though one with a curious glitter and dignity. Yet, given the right approach, Lady Vi might provide a subject not to be sneezed at by some serious young man of the future; an earnest graduate from Minnesota, shall we say, with a Ph.D. thesis to do before he can hope to get his first Assistant Professorship. Lady Vi is a model such as this uncertain age rarely now produces of the fully conscious member of the ruling classes—without anyone to rule. She is a political star whom history and the inconsiderate determination of the working classes to look after their own social reform—coupled with the black name of Lloyd George—have robbed of the role for which destiny obviously intended her.

For thirty-eight years she has—as Virginia Woolf remarked of that very different lady, Sara Coleridge—lived in the light of her father's sunset; the last Asquithian; almost, if one is to give the word the connotation of grandeur she herself regards as meet, the last Liberal. It must be a lonely fate. But Lady Vi is by no means inconsolable in it: she would have made an exquisite impression in a tumbril. To see her taking tea, for example, with one of our Ambassadors in a foreign capital—an Ambassador of the old kind, not one of these energetic young men with a training in economics and no social background—is to savour the Edwardian age at its most distinguished.

Lady Vi knows everyone. Patrician and dogmatic, gracious with a charm that holds just the right touch of condescension, she recalls what this great statesman was like when they played together as children, that eminent lawyer as a grubby boy at Eton. One is aware at once that one has moved into the great world—what a pity, one cannot help but feel, that it has lost its place in the solar system. It was in this great world that she was born and spent her youth. She lived in 10 Downing Street before Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Attlee made it middle class. She has herself, it is true, roots in the higher reaches of that large and equivocal class. But it needs some effort of the imagination to remember this and it is not an effort she herself is much given to: she is a natural Whig. After Lord Northcliffe had helped to drive her father from power he found himself (so his brother, Sir Leicester Harmsworth, recorded) much troubled in spirit at what he had done "because our mother had always taught us that Mr. Asquith was a great gentleman." In a somewhat similar mood a suburban housewife remarked recently that it was a shame not to agree with Lady Violet on the wireless when she was such a lady.

She was eighteen when the Liberal administration of 1905—the Ministry of all the talents—came to power, on the eve of her twenty-first birthday when her father became Prime Minister. No. 10 Downing Street became her home and remained so until, at twenty-eight, she married her father's Private Secretary, himself the tenth and youngest son of a rich and eminent Liberal father. By then the Liberal sun that had seemed so fixed and certain in the sky was almost setting, dowsed by the cold night of war. Within a year Mr. Asquith was to leave Downing Street for ever and Lady Vi was never again to know what it was to live at the very heart of things. She has never outgrown those seven years, never found it wholly possible to give her confidence to a world in which the Liberal Party is no longer in the ascendant. She has been a most filial daughter. Perhaps it would have been better for the Liberal Party if she had not: it is, one fears, hardly large enough for the burden of ancestor worship it is called upon to carry. The sword play has often been pretty; but to have both Lady Vi and Lady Megan struggling for its conscience is enough to take the shine out of any party.

For nearly forty years Lady Vi, exiled from her promised land, has remained indomitably determined to do good to those who do not know what is good for them. She has been prominent in all the best causes supported by the best people. Many of those causes have been unpopular. They have never been other than respectable. One looks in vain for her in the more desperate engagements of our time or among those who have risked political and social ostracism for idealistic causes, but this is not due to lack of courage on her part. It comes naturally to her to think with the privileged.

It is easy to laugh at Lady Vi. Indeed to do so is almost an occupational obligation among those who move on the periphery of her world. It is perhaps a form of defence. For Lady Vi in the public gatherings she graces so unstintingly with her presence is a very formidable lady. As a member of a committee or a commission she has an indomitable conviction of her own rightness. "She will," said a fellow member of the Commission on the Press aweary after many hours, "she will persist." And indeed she will. Arguments break themselves against her unshakable awareness of her own capacity to put everything right. She listens, she nods her head. She holds to her opinion. "And now," she seems to say, "now that we've all had our say, we must be good children and do as Nanny told us without wasting any more time."

There was once an Editor of a popular magazine who invited Lady Vi to write an article for him and then found that he could not find space for it. He emerged from the telephone conversation in which he broke the news to her dazed and shaken. "What did she say?" he was asked. "I'm not quite sure," he replied, "but I rather think she packed me off to bed with a nice cup of hot milk until the doctor came." Yes, it is easy to laugh at Lady Vi—although not, of course, in her presence. But it is difficult not to allow a little affection to creep into the laughter.

She is, when all is said and done, such a very nice lady. Moreover, she has qualities not always found in the well meaning. She rides her intellect in blinkers but it is nevertheless a very good intellect of its kind. And her wit, although more verbal than profound, is genuine enough. If it rarely uncovers new layers of truth, it plays upon the surface with a pleasurable grace which does not disdain malice. She is an excellent conversationalist (the best conversationalists naturally expect to be listened to) and a talented public speaker in the classical tradition. She has charm and lucidity, she has lived so long in the world of affairs that inevitably some of its aura clings to her wherever she goes, she is not easily deceived by the meretricious or the second rate. Her audience seldom lacks the pleasure of feeling that it has been allowed to participate in a great occasion. In the elections she has fought, most of those who have gone to her meetings have come away with the impression that so talented a candidate ought to win—although oddly enough they have often decided not to vote for her themselves.

But she never has won. Lady Vi has had to be content with the praise of her peers.

And yet as a broadcaster, particularly in the Brains Trust and in Any Questions, she is most popular. Her voice, cultivated, precise, high pitched and clear, carries the note of authority. Her words come readily, bearing with them recollections of great men and events. She is a shade dogmatic perhaps. But then who is not on such a programme? The listeners are left with the satisfying feeling of having moved in the best circles. Lady Vi has added tone to the whole proceedings. And she has enjoyed herself too. It has all been very comforting: once again she has shown how well she knows what is good for us. Of late years, it is true, it has not always been easy to distinguish her Liberalism from Conservatism. But the best brand of Conservatism only. She never made the mistake of admiring Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

For Sir Winston Churchill on the other hand she has an affection only just this side idolatry. She served on his "Forum for the Protection of Peace and Freedom" in the black days before Munich. It is one of the things she is most proud of. And he admires her too. They are old friends. They knew each other well in the great days, the days when young Mr. Churchill, that new and glittering recruit to Liberalism, was Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and Mr. Asquith's elder daughter, fresh from finishing school in Dresden and Paris, was getting ready to enter into her Kingdom—the days when the world was worthy of the Liberal Party and there were parties every evening and good works every day. It is those days that still have Lady Vi's heart even although her head—but oh so reluctantly—persuades her they are gone. How well suited to them she was. How silly it is of everyone not to want them back.

The Arts and Entertainment

SUTHERLAND AND CHURCHILL

Art critics will think twice before criticising in public the conduct of foreign policy, but politicians will not hesitate to air their views on works of art. Many angry people with no understanding of the problems of portrait-painting have blundered in with criticism of Sutherland's portrait of the Prime Minister; others equally ignorant, but at the greater disadvantage of not even having seen the picture, and of judging it from spotty newspaper reproductions, have followed this lead. The reasons for this hostility are partly that everyone has his own impressions of Churchill's personality (as a benign comedian or affable hawk or whatever it may be) and is disappointed that the painter has failed to bring these qualities out—without stopping to think that if he is shown resolute, he cannot also be shown as an overgrown baby, art being a less chaotic activity than life and having to pick and choose; and partly that the public—the part of it at any rate which is concerned about the preservation for posterity of the Prime Minister's features—has grown so used to flashy, elegant portraits that it is shocked by the representation of loose stomachs, scraggy necks and pudding cheeks that old gentlemen are apt to develop, and shocked by the inelegant pose, though this pose in fact goes back at least as far as Zoffany when he painted George III.

It is hoped that the picture will be placed on exhibition so that the public can make up its own mind what it thinks, instead of blindly being led by the blind. Meanwhile, it is as well to describe precisely what is represented before passing judgment on it. A legendary, eighty-year-old politician sits facing us on a spindly chair. He seems about to heave himself up to his full frightening height to deliver a well-deserved rebuke. Our eyes (such is the perspective vision) remain on a level with his knees, so that even in his sitting posture he towers above us, dominating us as he collects what strength he has left. The details of his everyday clothes are realistically portrayed, but these are subordinated to a general plan calculated to intensify massiveness and determination. This is achieved by contrasting the bulky, jutting-out knees and the comparatively flat top part of the body, and by relating, almost like an architectural order, the shallow curve of the shoulders (as taut as a bow) to the columns that the legs make. These distortions have earned Sutherland the name of caricaturist, but every caricature must possess the element of satire, and there is here not the faintest suggestion of this element. On the contrary, the figure has the solidity and dignity of a Victorian cathedral façade, and the spectator's role is that of a worshipper approaching its portals.

There is plenty of space around, within which the figure can operate, but this Bacon-like background, in contrast to the bulging stomach, the watchchain, the untidy tie, is kept schematic. There may be a hint of a panelled wall here, but it is more reasonable to treat these lines, which prolong the lines of the seat and legs of the chair, as a semi-abstract framework devised to pin the figure down, like the abstract pattern on the sky behind the Cross in St. Matthew's, Northampton. And just as there is a railing around the feet of Christ in the Northampton *Crucifixion*, so here the legs terminate abruptly at the edge of a narrow, undefined strip, in order to remind us that here is someone who should not be approached too closely. The traditional methods of implying unapproachability is the use of some generally accepted pose, gesture or stance, but with the decay of portrait-painting these method have lost their efficacy. Sutherland has therefore to invent for himself this device which is adequate to remind us that Churchill is a symbol of power as well as an old gentleman and that we would be wise to keep our distance. The sombre colour-scheme matches the theme to perfection. The transition is from mustard-yellow to dark slate grey, with bright yellow in the watchchain (right in the centre), and touches of white in shirt, handkerchief and cuffs.

One feels that one has to defend Sutherland against these old-fashioned criticisms. But it is more interesting, and much more difficult, to discuss the picture's unobvious shortcomings than to point to its obvious virtues. Its shortcomings, which might be defined as failure to enter wholeheartedly into the life of a politician, are beyond Sutherland's powers to overcome. For unlike Sir Thomas Lawrence he has always held aloof from public life; indeed, no modern painter can expect to feel the necessary self-identification with such an august sitter. Years of search of the human body do not lie behind this portrait of Churchill. Sutherland has only taken to portraiture in middle age. He has but two other pictures of the same kind to his credit. By nature he is a romantic landscape painter, with powers unsurpassed among living English artists to penetrate the inner life of leaves and thorns. But public writers, journalists and politicians exist too far outside his range of vision for him to be able to assimilate them, really to make them his own, as material should be made a painter's own if it is to remain of permanent value. Sutherland's Churchill is a prodigious *tour de force*. But I very much doubt if it will be rated as highly a hundred years hence as his dreamy landscapes, which sum up the atmosphere of wartime England more lyrically than any other works of visual art of their time.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

The personal ovation that greeted Sir William Walton last Friday after the Covent Garden production of his first opera was of a warmth which neither he nor any of us will quickly forget. What exactly did it mean? That a masterpiece of opera had that evening been born? Hardly. In part, no doubt, it was a demonstration of admiring affection for a composer of whom we hear and see too little, although with a relatively small number of works he has enlivened and enriched the musical life of a generation. But it also seemed as though the audience had detected in his *Troilus and Cressida* something important which outweighed its incidental weaknesses.

What was this novel element? Something which many would call old-fashioned, which has been missing in opera ever since *Turandot* (and was getting scarce then), and for the lack of which the art of opera is moribund in the middle of a vast popularity: the notion of glory and grandeur, of high tragedy and romance, of scope and scale. The finest of modern operas have preferred the company of neurotic batmen or brutish fishermen to that of princes and heroes, and—profoundly moving as is the music to which these characters have given rise—the time for reaction has long been overdue. The hut of Peter Grimes and the hovel of Wozzeck lie far from the main road of opera; and, if *Troilus* itself cannot stand beside the masterpieces of Britten and Berg, its reception suggests that the public feels acutely the need for a return to nobility in the subject-matter and to the grandly soaring voice parts that belong to tragic or romantic opera.

Troilus and Cressida has the further advantage of a clever and well constructed libretto—and theatrical cleverness, rather than literary art, is what a good librettist needs. Indeed, if Christopher Hassall's libretto has a fault it is that the betrayal of Troilus by Cressida is so fully motivated that she appears to be acting just sensibly and "for the best," and so, having shed all trace of frailty, to have become a rather pale and indefinite creature. Troilus, too, though in general vigorously presented from his Otello-like entry to his Siegfried-like death, loses heroic stature in one over-cautious speech, when, a moment after the consummation of his love, he accepts the necessity for Cressida's departure in words that suggest a politician advocating

appeasement. The remaining principals, Diomede, Calkas and especially the witty trifler Pandarus, are not only well drawn, but ingeniously presented in such terms as to allow the maximum scope for musical effect.

The music, both in its general mood and colour and in individual fingerprints of style, is highly characteristic of the choral and instrumental Walton we know; considered as not only a first opera but the work of a composer who has written scarcely anything before for solo voice, it is also wonderfully sure-footed and professional. Though elaborately scored, this is essentially an opera for singers. Many will feel that the composer has been almost too ready to rely on the best models, and that the echoes and overtones of romantic opera which haunt his score have at moments quelled, however melodiously, his own more caustic voice. There is some truth in that view. But if *Troilus* seems much less personal and original a creation than, say, *Belshazzar's Feast* or the Viola Concerto, it must in all fairness, and with all firmness, be added that we have not yet heard his opera in the sense that we have heard his choral and instrumental masterpieces. With one exception, the singers at Covent Garden cannot offer such virtuoso performances as we have had from Lionel Tertis and Heifetz and the Leeds Festival Choir. For his two lovers Walton has written extended and leisurely lyrical scenes, lasting for pages on end, and these positively demand warm, radiant, ample tone and broad generous phrasing: in short, the grand manner. (Not for nothing has he lived for so long in the Bay of Naples.) If we play these passages over to ourselves on the piano, we mentally supply the soaring tones of a Tebaldi or a Jussi Björling, and think how glorious it all must be in reality. Covent Garden brings us back to earth. Magda Laszlo is a lovely looking Cressida who never puts a foot wrong, but her indistinct enunciation and cold, unsympathetic tone result in the fact that the house is not filled, nor the listener enthralled, by her many beautiful monologues. Richard Lewis, the most reliable and versatile of tenors, also lacks that primitive but indispensable vocal bloom which is the operatic equivalent of a handsome presence. The same criticism applies in a lesser degree to the Diomede of Otakar Kraus, and in a greater degree to the Calkas of Frederick Dalberg. These are all intelligent singers, but intelligence is not enough. Behind the compliments and congratulations, I should be surprised if the composer is not wistfully wondering how soon he will hear his music sung in the full-blooded style of La Scala or the Metropolitan; and at such theatres I have no doubt that it could be successful, if well cast and slightly cut and remodelled in the third act.

The exception to which I referred above was the performance of Peter Pears. If we had not been told that he had risen from a bed of sickness to enter the palanquin of Pandarus, we could never have guessed it; his wonderfully skilful dramatic impersonation seemed to have quite as much voice as is demanded by a part which often shoots into falsetto. The composer's characterisation of this oriental voluptuary and jester is the most brilliant thing in this score, and—but for a recurring figuration rather too closely reminiscent of one of Britten's horn fanfares—also the most original. Entering half-way through the first act with decisive effect, Pandarus dominates Act II. The opening scene of this act, the party in his house, is a perfectly managed piece of operatic writing, and it leads to an exquisite female ensemble as Cressida's ladies prepare her for the night. Thereafter, the very brilliance of Pandarus somewhat weakens the romantic tone of the love scene; but this again may be the result of unequal casting. Very beautiful, after an impassioned orchestral interlude, is the calm dawn, with Cressida's quiet solo menacingly interrupted by a drum which announces the arrival of the parleying Greeks and the end of her brief happiness. The last act, as I have suggested, is rather long, though it contains a fine melancholy solo for the deserted heroine and a penultimate sextet

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which nobly sums up the situation. The final pages—Cressida's suicide—miscarried badly, partly because of a looseness in George Devine's otherwise capable production, partly because the nature of the case requires an exalted rather than a whimpering end.

Sir Malcolm Sargent drew ravishing sounds from the orchestra, for which the composer has scored with all his accustomed mastery, taking care never to swamp the voices, though surrounding them with innumerable tendrils and buds of imitative melody. The chorus made the most of their big and extremely effective opening to the first act. Sir Hugh Casson, for this scene, showed once again his curious preference for the side entrances to classical temples: his odd-shaped central block of masonry looked like a corner of the R.I.B.A. building in Portland Place. Pandarus lived in an attractive pent-house with slats and awnings "by" some modish decorator—which was doubtless just right; the most imaginative of the sets was the last—the bare and sinister Greek encampment with its high towers from which the watchmen called to one another as night fell across the windy plains of Troy.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

GRIEF FORGOTTEN

THE Anouilh season—a biennial affair it seems—is on us once again. Soon we are to see his version of Joan of Arc in Christopher Fry's translation, and meanwhile, to remind us of the taste, his 1939 play, *Léocadia*, in a work-a-day translation as *Times Remembered*, comes to the Lyric, Hammersmith. This is one of the *pièces roses*, a happy ending fairy tale, told with as much of the characteristic wit, fancy, theatrical adroitness and whimsicality as can be reasonably worked into one play. The management, Tennent Productions, have found the ideal artist to contrive the scenes for it, in Mr. Peter Rice. The Duchess's drawing room is a fantasia of elegant absurdity on that very borderland between reality and the dream which is Anouilh's world. Anything, however outrageously fanciful, may, you can believe, happen here, and later when we move out into the park, first to a clearing, then to a night-club and then to a bar, Mr. Rice's imagination is equal to each of them at the expense only of one rather long scene-change.

So far, so good. The play is there, and we can now add to that the setting; and this is of the greatest importance in Anouilh, he being "of the theatre" through and through, and so giving wonderful chances always to his designers and relying a great deal on them to create his atmosphere. We have got to be "magicked" from the start into believing everything. We have got to believe here in an immensely rich and doting Duchess whose nephew, the Prince, has fallen the victim to a terrible melancholy. Two years ago he fell in love with the divine, the superb, Léocadia, who only three days later died from a tragic accident—as she descended the steps of the opera, she made one of her great and characteristic gestures with the scarf she habitually wore and strangled herself dead. The doting Duchess has since indulged the boy's grief by surrounding him with souvenirs of his three days' love. A taxi which they took one day lies ivy-grown in the park attended by its driver and an ice-cream seller at whose barrow they stopped to quench their thirst. The night club which they frequented has been moved brick by brick and established elsewhere in the grounds, and to it each evening the melancholy young man repairs and drinks his champagne at an empty table.

Then one day the Duchess sees in her hat shop a young girl bearing a striking resemblance to the divine Léocadia, and she plans to use her to cure her nephew. The girl finds herself dismissed from her job, and we find her wandering in the first act, perplexed and bewildered, among these still unexplained properties. It is—granted only that the spell is exerted—a charming situation to plunge us into, charmingly extravagant, charmingly absurd. And to begin with, thanks largely to Mr. Rice and his created world, the spell works. But to keep it up we depend upon the actors, and there, as we all too soon discover, the irretrievable mistake has been made. The temptation to it was obvious enough. Miss Margaret Rutherford is, rightly, a great draw; she pleased greatly as a grand lady in *Ring Round the Moon*; therefore, it was obviously argued, she will please again and draw again. And so she does and so she will. But, hateful though it is to say it, she doesn't come within a mile of what is required for this part, or rather there are only odd moments when her particular kind of comedy talent intersects with that required for the Duchess. Miss Rutherford as an English down-to-earth, county woman, all tweed and spaniels, is one thing, and a wonderfully funny thing, too. Miss Rutherford as a French Grande Dame with a vein of see-saw extravagance now reaching up towards poetry, now bumping down to bathos, is quite another. Miss Rutherford is essentially slow-tongued, putting all her weight behind the laugh line. Anouilh's Duchess is essentially quick-tongued, skimming now low, now high, but never lingering for a single second.

Verbally, the pace of this production is altogether disastrous, leaden and heavy with overemphasis. The play is, by the standards one has come to expect from the Lyric, Hammersmith, shockingly acted. And the proof comes at the climax of the second act, when, after the perhaps over-elaborated preparation, the melancholy Prince makes her first appearance. The little milliner has at the last moment agreed to impersonate Léocadia. She is given to speak the first words the actress ever spoke to the young man at this very place. He approaches on his bicycle. She steps forward to say them. "Excuse me!" He dismounts, raises his hat, inclines his sad head toward her. "Can you tell me the way to the sea?" It should be the great call from the past. He is supposed to—goodness knows what. What in fact he does is to reply purely informatively, "Yes, the second turning on the left," and he mounts and rides on. It is a brilliantly contrived climax of bathos. And at Hammersmith it is simply bathos.

After that, things distinctly pick up, with the play taken over by Mr. Paul Scofield as the Prince. Mr. Scofield has the quality both for melancholy and romance, and exerts it effectively. Miss Mary Ure, too, improves in this second half. She is admirably cast for a fairy tale *midinette*, but she is too inexperienced yet to be on her own, and her bewilderment at the start seemed to owe more to artlessness than to art. But she played much better once she was under Mr. Scofield's wing, and together they brought the play through to its rosy conclusion. How much it lost on the way was evidently obscured from most of the audience by the appeal of the *mise-en-scène* and, to be fair, by the popularity of Miss Rutherford's comic attack. But the discriminating may well feel that the director, Mr. William Chappell, if he has matched M. Anouilh's fantasy in all the trappings, has almost entirely failed him over the text. Verbally, M. Anouilh has a style as sharply idiosyncratic and flavoured as, say, Barrie's stage directions. There was little evidence of this at Hammersmith.

The director of the Old Vic's new production, Mr. Denis Carey, also has his problems of style, though they are not, with *The Taming of the Shrew*, primarily verbal. To make this indifferent contrivance of a play enjoyable is a triumph (which Mr. Devine brought off last year at Stratford); to make it tolerable is still success, and this Mr. Carey just about achieves, though not easily; indeed, there is a distinct air of forcing all round, of effort all too evident. Too much of nearly everything, too much noise, too much fun. Mr. Kenneth Rowell's décor is admirably simple, but the dresses over-compensate; admirably simple, too, the staging, which simply and successfully assumes our ability to follow the changes of time and place and is not afraid of a bare stage; and perhaps the excess of noise and fun is an over-compensation for this simplicity. With a little more luck (how much greater a part luck plays in these complicated combinations than we usually allow!) it might have come together into something even more effective. It has vigour, vitality, pace and audibility. But it doesn't quite combine into a stylised whole. Still, given even a passable production, the *Shrew* is, like Miss Rutherford, a safe draw, though in my view, far less understandably.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

TELEVISION and children: a subject to inflame the passions if ever there was one. We shall know more about it when the Nuffield Foundation has finished its researches into it. Meanwhile, we shall no doubt, go on cultivating our prejudices and preconceptions. There is, we seem generally agreed, a fatal affinity between children and television, and the moral duty of the parent is to come between them as often as possible. Continued viewing interferes with home-

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work, damages children's eyesight and sets up curious dental malformations owing to their habit of watching with chin cupped in hands. It keeps them from reading. "Reading again?" used to be the adult cry in my childhood. "Why don't you get out into the fresh air?" But reading, we know now, has its appointed purpose: it renders the child less susceptible to horror comics.

All this is part of the folk-lore of our time. But it still remains true that children are quite prepared to watch the TV screen all day and night if they are allowed to. In this, they differ not at all from their parents, who are allowed to; but not even chain-smokers wish to start off their children on an endless diet of cigarettes, and the introduction of a TV set into the home can present a problem where there are young children. The meanest man I know believes he solved it very neatly when he told his offspring they mustn't look at the machine too often or they would wear it out; but he's due for exposure any moment now as an unprincipled liar. All the same, what is the parent to do?

The short answer is *be* a parent and exercise your rights and duties as a parent. I have no doubt this would be the B.B.C.'s answer. "We have," it would say, "our special programmes for children, *Watch with Mother* and *Children's Television.* If you allow your children unlimited access to other programmes that's your responsibility." Which doesn't prevent it from announcing on occasion that such-and-such a programme is unsuitable for children.

Now there is one snag about discussing children's television programmes: children's tastes and adults' don't coincide. A serial version of *The Three Musketeers* is not going to lure me away from my good book, and I have to admit that I can think of little more boring than having to watch the antics of Mr. Humphrey Lestocq or Mr. Pastry. I also have to admit that my own children don't in the least share my restlessness in the presence of these performers and I am sure they are right not to do so. Mr. Lestocq and Mr. Pastry are not, I take it, meant for me. On the whole, then, I am quite happy to believe that the planners of *Children's Television* are much more likely to know what children will like than I do.

All the same, a problem does remain, especially it seems to me, in the programmes for very small children, *Watch with Mother,* which consists of puppet shows, *Andy Pandy, Bill and Ben the Flower-pot Men* and, on Sundays, in *Children's Television,* of *Muffin the Mule.* The first two of these also appear week by week in strip form in the best and most intelligently edited of the comics for small children. Again, the fact that they bore adults is irrelevant; they couldn't be more innocent, and small children like them. It's when one compares *Watch with Mother* with its counterpart in sound *Listen with Mother* that the problem comes into the open. So far as the child is concerned, whatever its immediate reactions may be, it seems to me that the contents of *Listen with Mother* are infinitely more valuable than those of its television equivalent. The difference is that between a collection of traditional nursery rhymes and a children's comic, however good. One is a permanent possession, part of being an Englishman, the other exists for the moment. One stirs the imagination, the other is received passively, as a temporary wonder.

But here I must hastily say that all my experience of watching *Children's Television* goes to show that passive viewing is the last thing the organisers want to encourage. The strength of *Children's Television* at its best is the strength of television at its best, the fact that it can present the actual moment as it occurs and that it is an unrivalled medium of demonstration. The best children's programmes, I am sure, are those that in some sense inform, satisfy the insatiable curiosity of children, and those that are a spur to emulation and to action. These two kinds of programme are in fact the twin staples of *Children's Television.* So far as the first is concerned, there is obviously no great difference between TV for adults and TV for children, and very rightly a considerable amount of programme matter that has first appeared in adult programmes now finds its way into *Children's Television.*

As for programmes that are designed as a spur to emulation and action the exemplar is probably *All Your Own,* the monthly programme Mr. Huw Wheldon so effortlessly introduces. In this we see children, individually and in groups, demonstrating their hobbies and their skills. Some are very impressive indeed, and the range is always remarkably wide, from prowess with a pogo-stick to the taking of rubbings of church brasses.

Where the appeal is to the imagination, I think *Children's Hour* on sound scores heavily over *Children's Television*: stories and plays for children seem to me to lose rather than gain by the addition of vision. No, the true role of television for children is—let's be bold and come out with the word—educational. At present, it is not presented as such formally. We shall not, the B.B.C. tells us, have a Schools Television Service until the end of 1957 at the earliest. It seems a pity we have to wait so long.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Make Me an Offer," at the Empire
"The Sea Shall Not Have Them," at the Gaumont
"Women Without Hope," at the Continentale

I haven't read Mr. Wolf Mankowitz's *Make Me an Offer,* but I shall do so, since there is every indication that the novel may be a good deal better than the film. It has an intriguing background, lively characters, sharp dialogue. Then what has gone wrong? Story? No, the trouble seems to be that indifferent direction has let go the possibilities. The idea remains; the click never comes.

However, we learn quite a lot, in an amusing way, about the seamy side of the antique trade. This is a subject on which Mr. Mankowitz larks with authority. His Charlie, apparently the greatest living expert on Wedgwood, scratches along with a shop where nothing is sold, and a promise to buy his wife a fur coat. He learns, from a delightful man who boils down the gold off picture frames, of a country house with a Wedgwood room to be auctioned for breaking up. The Wedgwoods are fake: only he can discern this, and he sets others panting after them so as to rake in commissions and bribes. In the country he also discovers a red-haired witch who wants—how female hearts beat alike—a fur coat. She has, by a strange accident, the stolen Green Portland Vase which has been on his mind ever since as a child he trembled before it in a museum. And it all works like a charm; but a charm, unfortunately, in which every item is slightly blurred. Why must our hero always run? Is this peculiar to the trade, or merely to film-making of a languishing order?

The fun is the dealers: papa in Petticoat Lane, the old landlord who will go anywhere and buy anything if there's lead in it, an American snapper-up who seems quite content with his fakes and likes the spirit in which they were passed on. Their amiable trickery keeps the film from sliding away down its sentimental shutes, and such experienced comedians as Finlay Currie and Ernest Thesiger turn up tuppence-coloured. A touch of authenticity is added by Meier Tzelniker's old friend of the family. Peter Finch's hero almost comes up to the publicity sprinkled over us recently. But I couldn't help feeling all along that this piece, which might so easily have been one of Group 3's best, was preferring a line of least resistance in the second-rate.

The Sea Shall Not Have Them is better made, but lacks even the shadow of an original idea. What war service hadn't received its due? Air-Sea Rescue, apparently, so off goes the new chum in a launch (is it?) to brave music, sea-sickness, and engine trouble brought on by girl trouble. Meanwhile, Mr. Redgrave, Mr. Colleano, and

Some people embark on the choosing and buying of Christmas presents with joyful zest. But to many others it is a nerve-racking and irksome business. Such troubled souls have particular reason to bless the inventor of Book Tokens. No longer need they struggle in crowded shops, and queue despondently at the Post Office with an armful of lumpy parcels. A minute or two at a bookseller's—just so long as it takes to choose appropriate Book Token designs—and a handful of neat envelopes dropped in the nearest pillarbox. Then they can relax in the sure knowledge that they've sent a gift which is sure to please. A lazy way of giving presents? On the contrary—a delicate compliment to the taste of one's discriminating friends.

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others are accomplishing a limelit vigil in a rubber dinghy drifting towards the Belgian coast. Is anything missing, besides this theatrical quartet? I don't think so. Here are the tight-lipped commander (is he?) at the airfield, the brave little woman in uniform looking up at the sky, the operations room, the truant wife turned back by the example of another's grief: the whole works, in fact. Here again, in a film that is all to order, and should have been sweated out ten years ago, the actors do well; especially Mr. Nigel Patrick with a sergeantly performance.

Tarts ahoy! Trottoir Rescue is the excuse for the film at the Continentale, but the last sentence of the hand-out says all: "The nature of the subject has made an X certificate unavoidable." It excites neither compassion nor anything else.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Glass Harmonica

Mozart's two compositions for glass harmonica, the Adagio K.365 and the Quintet K.617, are fairly well known—but they are usually played on a dulcitone or celesta. Last Sunday Bruno Hoffmann let us hear the sounds that the composer had in mind. His instrument is simply a deep tray of glasses, prepared as if for a cocktail party, and a bowl in which the ice has evidently melted. Mr. Hoffmann dips his fingers in the water, and twirls from the glasses a range of delicate and exquisite sounds. We can all ring wine-glasses, after a fashion. Mr. Hoffmann's respond to a touch, either with a light, celesta-like staccato, or a cry clear as a flute's, or a resinous cello-like note. It was an amazing performance, recalling Gluck's "concerto on 26 drinking glasses tuned with spring water." This modern virtuoso has scorned Benjamin Franklin's improved version of the pure instrument; Franklin ranged the glasses on a treadle-operated spindle: the spindle did the twirling, and one had simply to apply the fingers. But Mr. Hoffmann gains a greater expressive range by being able to run his fingers round the rims at varying speeds. This recital was also a demonstration of Mozart's intuitive understanding of a musical medium, for it started with the works by Johann Gottlieb Naumann which inspired Mozart's: pleasant enough—but Mozart's distil from the unusual timbres a beauty so fragile as to be almost chilling and deathly. Lady Blarney and the Hon. Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs "would talk of nothing but... high-lived company, pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses"; the V. & A. offered all but Shakespeare. But before setting out the tray remember Sir George Grove's warning, that the peculiarly exciting tone is said to be *most prejudicial* to the nerves of the performer.

A. P.

Soviet Dancers, at the Prince's

The exuberance of these Russian dancers is beyond anything that British ballet has ever produced. Ballet becomes an exhilarating experience, instead of the refined little exercise to which we have grown used in this country. No doubt the Soviet vulgarity of presentation would become boring if seen regularly; but in this brilliant recital it seems comic, friendly, gay, and alive with a vitality that outweighs all other considerations. There are two soloists who have also more refined qualities, owing to the elegance of their technique and the lack of affectation: Gulnara Mavayeva, who performs the oriental folk dances, and Avner Barayev, who accompanies her on a large tambourine called the doira. These are artists in every sense. The classical pair, Raissa Struchkova and Alexander Lapauri, combine acrobatics and ballet with the most beautiful effect. It is only when they dance a truly classical *pas de deux* from *Le Lac des Cygnes* that their lack of sensibility is painfully apparent. But leaping in an abandoned Bacchanal in the ballet from Faust, or hurtling in Ruritanian waltzes, they are as luscious and exciting as anyone could wish. Mansur Kamaletdinov was a most outstanding dancer as far as his legs went. I have never seen such exquisitely soft and accurate character work from the waist down. As more and more samples of Soviet ballet are exported, the complete article must surely arrive one day.

A. F.

Correspondence

LEARNING BY POST

SIR,—The correspondence on this subject appearing in the recent issues of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION seems to be in danger of getting away from the real issue. There can be no question that study should be encouraged, even where it is not possible for the student to obtain personal tuition. It seems equally incontrovertible that a student gains if he can add to the facilities for private study the opportunity for discussion with and help from a teacher who is already thoroughly knowledgeable on the subject and mature in his consideration of it. There are circumstances in which such opportunity is not available and in which help and guidance through the post may be the best alternative; but the best colleges at which oral tuition is available give this personal contact in addition to offering all that correspondence colleges at their best can give.

Mr. Martin Furness, in his letter, puts his finger on the chief difficulty experienced by those who have true education at heart when he says that the fault lies in the examination system. Too many examinations are framed in such a way that passing them can be achieved by memorising stock answers to a limited number of questions without understanding those answers. Still other examinations are so framed that they test factual knowledge without any adequate test of ability either to relate different facts or to use the knowledge effectively. The most serious complaint against some of the correspondence colleges is that they set out to exploit these weaknesses in the examinations. Their interest is entirely in their profits and not in education.

In his opening paragraph Mr. Furness complains of the vague, meaningless and inaccurate statements in Mr. Hardman's article. Can his own third argument be considered as anything more than a most flagrant example of such vague, meaningless and inaccurate statements? What is "tuition from zero"? I should understand it to include teaching the candidate the alphabet. What is meant by "£10 less than the cost (of tuition plus travelling expenses, plus the same textbooks) to the student who attends L.C.C. evening classes"? What student? And how far does he travel? Many students attend colleges close to their places of work, or their homes, and incur no extra travelling costs. Their fees for evening classes for a degree course are not more than £2 10s a year, and all the books necessary for study may be available in the college library and the local public libraries.

If all correspondence colleges were equal to the best, their supporters would not need to make this kind of vague and inaccurate claim, but even the best correspondence courses cannot equal good oral courses for those students who are able to take advantage of them.

EDUCATIONIST

SIR,—Mr. David Hardman has not a good word to say about correspondence colleges. It is true that learning by post has become a highly commercialised and, in many respects, a sordid affair, but, we do not condemn all books because there are pornographic publications of "horror" comics. I write as a former student of a purely commercial correspondence college through whose offices I secured two good honours degrees (particulars supplied).

I found the course stimulating, the marking of written work thorough, and the model answers a very great help in preparation for the examinations. I considered the fees charged reasonable, and, if I was partially subsidised by the faint-hearted, so much the better for my pocket.

A recent article by Mr. Hardman in *The Belfast Telegraph* tells of his good fortune in having attended adequate educational institutions since childhood. He should realise that others like me were not so fortunately placed and are most grateful for the help a good correspondence college has given us.

In my case the only university course of study available required my attendance at evening lectures for five academic years with a pass degree at the end.

SWOTTER

Woman to Woman

Feminine curiosity has everything to commend it. Indeed, the world would be a much sadder and more ignorant place were it not for the interest taken in all things by the fair sex.

So it is quite natural for British women, young and old alike, to want to know all they can about Soviet women, young and old alike.

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ROBERT HALE

MICHAEL BLUNDELL'S OPPORTUNITY

SIR,—Mr. Hatch's important article in your issue of November 27 was spoilt by his uncritical acceptance of the reports of Mau Mau "obscenities." The evidence for obscene oath taking ceremonies is the same in value as that on which the death sentences on two Kikuyu were recently based—the evidence of men held by the police and subjected to persuasion and defenceless against ill-treatment. The Appeal Court reversed the sentences because the evidence was not good enough.

Dr. Leaky on page 88 of his book, *Defeating Mau Mau* writes of a "vast mass of proof," but he says that it comes from those who "have fallen into the hands of the authorities." He writes of Kikuyu and of Mau Mau adherents who simply do not believe that such things are done, and he does not refute their honesty in this. On page 87 he notes but excuses the inconsistency of the reports. On page 88 he gives an account of which he says, "its interest lies in the fact that it was not a statement recorded by a Police Officer investigating with a view to prosecution."

These charges will soon be established in the public mind as fact; and whether history, as an Appeal Court, endorses them or not, they will have become in our time an addition to what Mr. Hatch calls "the heavy task of exorcising the hatred and fear of the Kikuyu which permeates European society," that confronts anyone wishing for peace in Kenya.

The charges of murder and cruelty are substantiated. They are enough to sustain the fighting spirit of the men in action. It is civilian morale that appears to need something more.

The importance of Mr. Hatch's article is that he, being Commonwealth Officer to the Labour Party, should put forward for consideration the suspension of the Kenya constitution if the settler factions can not agree to racial co-operation.

The British Government has handed over political power, both in Kenya and in Central Africa, to White politicians and not to a legislature which assures true democratic representation of all sections of the community.

THOMAS FOX PITT

OWEN LATTIMORE

SIR,—Professor Dale Pontius's letter published in your issue of October 23 and headed "Owen Lattimore" was so subtle in its irony that it seems to have convinced some of your American readers of its literal truth. As one of the senior professors at Johns Hopkins, may I point out that Mr. Lattimore's continued presence on the Campus and at lunch is far from being embarrassment to any of us. It is on the contrary a great pleasure not only to see him and talk with him, but also to realise that our University is one of the remaining places where freedom still flourishes. No one can speak for a community and it is probably true that Professor Pontius's informant thought that his opinion was universal. Such people usually do. But let me assure your readers that there are plenty of us who have kept their senses and are not frightened by demagogues.

The Johns Hopkins University, Maryland. GEORGE BOAS

SO THEY SAY . . .

SIR,—Your contributor Queequeg states that:

"The newspapers got off to a slow start in the race to profit from Sir Winston's disclosure of his 'German Army' telegram. Only the *Daily Worker* realised immediately that it was sensational: CHURCHILL CONFESSES HIS 1945 GUILT was its main headline on the morning after the Woodford speech."

He could not have seen Wednesday's *Daily Herald* which, in its early editions, gave the quotation from Sir Winston Churchill's speech in full, in italics, in two-column setting under the underscored heading, CHURCHILL: AN AMAZING DISCLOSURE. In these editions the lead story of the paper was an account of the serious floods in the West Country and Wales.

In the later editions, however, under seven-column headings, MONTY WAS SIGNALLED: BE PREPARED TO FIGHT THE RUSSIANS and CHURCHILL'S AMAZING STORY and READY TO REARM GERMANS IN 1945 across three columns, the lead story of the paper was a full account of the relevant part of the Woodford speech, together with a commentary by the *Daily Herald* Diplomatic Correspondent, W. N. Ewer.

Freshwater, I.o.W. LEONARD FUGE

[Queequeg writes: "I gave the *Daily Herald* full credit for its editorial comment, but failed to show that its news treatment was commendably quick off the mark."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"THE IMMORALIST"

SIR,—Mr. Hunter argues that if *A Street-Car Named Desire* had been about homosexuality instead of about "nymphomania, adultery and madness," then the management would not have been "heroic" enough to present it, even with the backing of a Lord Chamberlain's licence. Yet *Children's Hour* is about homosexuality and there has never been a shortage of managements with sufficient heroism for that venture if a licence had been forthcoming. Indeed, if no one had wanted to present it, the censor need scarcely have banned it. He would not even have had to read it—nor *The Immoralist*—if no one were intending a public production. No, the responsibility for our restricted diet really cannot be shifted from the censor to the manager. BENN W. LEVY

THACKERAY THE NOVELIST

SIR,—Mr. V. S. Pritchett, reviewing Professor Tillotson's *Thackeray the Novelist*, writes: "It is not enough to be pained by Dr. Leavis's telling Thackeray to leave the room because he is only a greater Trollope—quite a good throwaway line for the classroom; what is important is to say that teacher left out half the English tradition and tried to rebuild the English novel by putting the roof of Henry James on first." Are we to conclude from this assured and vivacious pronouncement (it may not be addressed to the "classroom," but it has the air of relying confidently on the right response from the "boys") that Mr. Pritchett thinks it silly to make critical distinctions within the field of prose fiction? He himself goes on to say: "There is a comic, loose-knit, sentimental and diffuse tradition, and Thackeray must be judged within it."

To say that Thackeray "must be judged within it" is to say that he must, for critical purposes, be dismissed *to* it from the company in which Professor Tillotson would place him. The novels of Jane Austen, Hawthorne, George Eliot and Henry James are *not* loose-knit, sentimental or diffuse; in the interest of significance that could not otherwise have been conveyed, they are closely organised—organised in ways that relate them to the mature plays of Shakespeare. I have, in the book to which Mr. Pritchett refers, and elsewhere, given grounds for holding that the authors (together with some others) form a tradition it is important to distinguish. That I am wrong, or that Thackeray belongs to it, nothing said by Mr. Pritchett (or Professor Tillotson) seems to me to go any way towards showing. I do not question that my own careful and detailed argument might be subjected to criticism from which, as a critic, I should benefit; but Mr. Pritchett's tropes, and the all-too-familiar kind of routine sneer in which he indulges, do not seem to me to be criticism, or to advance in any way the business of critical thought.

As for Thackeray, there is another distinction to be made in regard to him; it was made by Dickens, the creator of Henry Gowan. Dickens disliked Thackeray, not as a formidable competitor, but as a very influential writer who was cynical about his art, and who thus, while enjoying the profits and the prestige it brought him, used his influence to discredit the novelist's art in general.

Downing College, Cambridge. F. R. LEAVIS

JOHN COWPER POWYS

SIR,—Mr. Elwyn asks me to justify by examples my criticism of John Cowper Powys's *Atlantis*. I said "that if you are going to be archaic and meticulous you might as well spell the Greek names right". Had novel reviewers more space I would have given details in the first place; as it is, here goes. (1) Hierax spelt Heirax throughout. (2) Zeuks

with KS throughout—an impossible form in normal Greek; all other such names spelt with an X. (3) K retained in Herakles, Kyklops Keto, etc., yet replaced by C in Circe, Eurycleia, Ithaca, etc. (4) OS replaced by US in Telemachus, yet retained in Nisos, etc. (5) Apollon with an N, p. 156, otherwise without. More available if required. Now I hoped I had made it clear that I do not *in general* give a digamma how anybody spells Greek. It is silly to pretend that we all had an eighteenth-century education, or that we wish we had. What I said was that Mr. Powys's exceedingly detailed, careful, sensitive style makes such roughness obvious and disturbing. He invites us—with justification—to stand close at his elbow to see the detail, and then splashes us with paint over his shoulder. In a work like *Atlantis*, where every detail of language matters, spelling, even when it makes no difference to sound, has a very marked effect, and inconsistency there is as bad as confusion in the details of a landscape. That I am not the only one to notice Greek spelling is clear from the fact that many people nowadays, including Mr. Powys, do use non-traditional spellings, and particularly K for C, which usually does not affect the sound. The point of this device I think is to emphasise the foreignness; to make sure of a Greece which, if no more like the real thing, is at least unlike the domesticated Greece of our grandfathers. This is reasonable enough. But like other kinds of local colour, it doesn't work so well if it isn't used consistently.

Perhaps I should repeat that, as far as *Atlantis* goes, the criticism is a thoroughly minor one. But I think that if someone wrote a novel about, say, modern Spain, with Spanish spelling as peculiar as this, the matter would be mentioned.

MARY SCRUTTON

DYLAN THOMAS

SIR,—It would be tedious to reply in detail to Mr. John Levitt's strictures on *Under Milk Wood*. *Under Milk Wood* is about love and death. Contempt there certainly is, but it is reserved for those who have lost all sense of the wonder of life. If Mr. Levitt sees nothing beyond "distortions and inhibitions of . . . sexuality," that is his own misfortune—though it scarcely gives him the right to suggest that those who do not share his opinions are victims of literary salesmanship.

It is not surprising that both before and since his death Dylan Thomas has had his detractors. As a writer he stands curiously apart from contemporary fashions. At a time when the flat understatement had become the stable poetic currency he thundered out his affirmations. While his fellow-poets were busy lamenting the death of the human spirit, Thomas re-stated its essential inviolability.

No doubt as the sentimental associations of Dylan Thomas's early death become blurred, the army of snipers will grow increasingly vociferous. He will be analysed and dissected, pigeon-holed and rated, dusted and neatly stowed away on the academic shelf. But his work will still be there, an obstinate reminder that even in the present poverty-stricken state of our language poetry need not consist entirely of the freezing ironies that so often pass for polish and intelligence.

ALBERT HUNT

Swaffham, Norfolk.

SOMETHING ELSE

SIR,—I have followed the wanderings of J. B. Priestley in the wilderness with the greatest possible interest. With each succeeding article I felt increasingly certain that he would eventually make the great confession. And now, having, apparently, screwed up his courage, he has made it. He is not far from the Kingdom of God.

But like millions who are less articulate he still seems to think that there ought to be some magical formula for the bestowal of religious faith. He continues, like men before him, to look for a sign. But no sign will be given save the sign of Jonah (let the reader understand).

Mr. Priestley's condition reveals that he can have the "burning vision" any time he likes if he will pay for it. The relevant parable, in his case, is that of the Pearl of Great Price.

HAROLD W. LANGHAM

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Books in General

THE first three volumes of Professor Haight's edition of George Eliot's Letters* indicate that it is going to be one more of those massive engineering feats into which American scholarship puts an almost Germanic zeal. There will be seven volumes altogether containing nearly 2,000 of her letters and several hundreds from her friends carefully fitted in at the proper moment; people in the text are not only identified but their brief biographical details are noted down; comments or cross-references on the matter of a great many letters are made; there will be an exhaustive Index. The material for this edition lies in Princeton, New York, The British Museum, Coventry; and in the Yale collection are the letters on which Cross, George Eliot's husband, based the first standard *Life*. Gladstone described this *Life* as "a Reticence in three volumes" and one reward of Professor Haight's is the discovery of the odd yet pertinent phrases Cross cut out of his wife's letters when he quoted from them. He did not allow her to describe herself as slumped in a chair with her legs over the arm as she corrected her proofs; when she wrote, "It is raining horribly here—raining blue devils," he cut out the blue devils; she was not allowed to speak of "going to hell in order to learn to be contented," nor of how her hair was falling out; and when she lost some proofs and said "I would rather have lost my toes," Cross—for the pleasure of future Freudians—altered "toes" to "fingers."

Trivialities; yet their tendency was, as Professor Haight says, to preserve the glum oracle of the later years and to suggest that, even if she had been a blue-stocking all her life, she had never been a spirited one or had had her light moments. But if Cross deducted small items, Professor Haight has made up for it by adding some of his own; not to the text, of course, but in the form of footnotes which go, sometimes, into fantastic points of detail. American scholarship is determined not to have a single nut or screw missing from the machine. In the Yale editions of Boswell one could put this down to the growing split between American and English cultures. It had become necessary to explain to the new America what, for example, Temple Bar was; the older America had always known. For some of Professor Haight's I cannot see this justification. When George Eliot writes "Tell it not in Gath," a note directs us to II Samuel I 20; as if the Bible had passed out of American life. He goes even better in a note on a letter which contains a line about the stormy weather they have been having lately: a footnote announces that the meteorological record for the 1st and 2nd September, 1853, shows "heavy rains," and we are left to admire, as no doubt we should, the lengths to which a scholar will go to fix a precise date on an undated letter even when it is an utterly unimportant one. That is a point gained in the chess match of scholarship. But when she writes, "Tell that to the Marines," and he informs us that this is "an old saying" and that she may have got it from the 13th chapter of Scott's *Redgauntlet*, there is nothing for it but to make the very vulgar suggestion, though with all reserve, that the assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* and the future creator of Mrs. Poyser may occasionally have used her ears. I mention these examples to explain the use of the word "engineering" in describing Professor Haight's work. He has assembled a handsome and absolutely efficient Eliot machine; and yet, as his introduction to it and his valuable and earlier work on Chapman's relations with George Eliot both show, he has a deep understanding of his subject.

Great writers are not necessarily good letter writers; George Eliot is one of the dullest. There are very few of interest to the general reader in these first three volumes. They take us from the 1836 when the 27-year-old Marian Evans is writing from Warwickshire about her mother's illness, to 1861 when the famous novelist is off to Italy to write the unreadable *Romola*. The interest is entirely for the biographer, and even here they reveal nothing new. The dullness lies in the heavy style of writing, which moves from the evangelical to the professional, in the relative lack of observation and spirited intimacy. The other correspondents show her up at once. The earlier letters are pious and leaden and they indicate how thoroughly her youth was weighed down by the prosaic weight of her sense of duty, of self-criticism and conscience. She is continually depressed. There are always headaches. Moods hang about like thunder that never breaks. She moans and, what is worse, accuses herself of moaning. The thing we do feel is the growth of a masterly intellect and that is the obverse of the melancholy medal. The intellect makes its first great step forward in the very moving, direct, if self-important letter she wrote to her father about her loss of faith, a letter astonishing in its courage and self-confidence, if also foreshadowing that portentous elevation into higher realms which she was apt to take to, when she was in a tricky emotional situation:

> . . . I consider the system of doctrines built up on the facts of his (Jesus's) life and drawn as to its materials from Jewish notions to be most dishonourable to God and most pernicious in its influence on individual and social happiness. In thus viewing this important subject, I am in unison with some of the finest minds in Christendom in past ages and with the majority of such in the present. . . .

The massive decisiveness which she shows to her formidable father is what we shall meet again when she edits the articles for the *Westminster Review* and manages its learned contributors, so that obviously the paper will collapse without her; when she manages her relationship with Lewes, or stands firm about the criticisms Blackwood makes of details or tone in *Scenes from Clerical Life*. Sensibility to criticism and melancholy doubts are really stoking up her will; she is one of those who take time to know their mind, but when they do know it, they are immovable. They sweep the heart along with the mind and that is what worried her friends, the Brays, who saw how powerful and unlearned her emotions were. She wrote with didactic force to Charles Bray in 1848:

> Where *thought* and *love* are active, thought the formative power, love the vitalising, there can be no sadness. They are in themselves a more intense and extended form of the divine Existence—and as they grow the highest species of faith grows too—and "all things are possible."

She had to have "enthusiasm," she said, even in pouring out a cup of tea. What concerned the Brays was that the functions of thought and love were apt to be reversed: Chapman, even Herbert Spencer and certainly Lewes were strange candidates for the divine Existence. The ways of sexual choice are more startling and mysterious in the highly moral than in the loose-living.

There is, as Professor Haight notices, an immense change in George Eliot's letters when she leaves the Midlands and is free and successful, first of all in Geneva and then in London. She is gay; she laughs; she is excited by distinguished people and they are excited by her, too. She is stirred up by the events of 1848 and lets herself go, with a violence one will never hear again, about the impeachment of Louis Blanc:

> Poor Louis Blanc! The newspapers make one melancholy—but shame upon me when I say "poor"! The day will come when there will be a temple of white marble where sweet incense and anthems shall rise to the memory of every man and woman who has had a deep "*ahnung*," a presentiment, a yearning, or a clear vision of a time when this miserable reign of Mammon shall end—when men shall be no longer like "fishes of the sea." [Habbakuk 1 : 14, notes the indefatigable Professor Haight.] Society no more like a face one half of which —the side of profession, of lip-faith—is fair and god-like, the other half—the side of deeds and institutions—with a hard, old wrinkled skin puckered into the sneer of Mephistopheles. I worship the man who has written as the climax of his appeal against society, "*L'inégalité des talents doit aboutir non à l'inégalité des retributions, mais a l'inégalité des devoirs.*" You will wonder what has wrought me up into this fury—it is the loathsome fawning, the transparent hypocrisy, the systematic giving as little as possible for as much as possible that one meets here at every turn. I feel that society is training men and women for hell.

She is twenty-nine. She has read Carlyle. She now understands the gloom of her earlier and caged years before this new ardour came to her:

> All creatures about to moult or cast off an old skin or enter on a new metamorphosis, have sickly feelings. I am set free. . . .

The famous key letters to the Lewes situation, like the letter to her father, are striking in their dignity, concision and firmness of character. They are, all the same, unrevealing of anything but the thorough nature of her decisions. We never get a sight of the Marian Evans—the instinctive George Eliot, who so cleverly made such an unlikely, impossible and absolutely correct choice of her man. He has been called, unjustly, a barber, a dancing master, an immoralist, a teller of smoke room jokes, a compère, an anecdotalist, a story-teller with his stomach gone wrong, his nerves on edge. He was, in fact, an excellent journalist and he saw and created the novelist in her. It was his conjuring trick that turned a learned lady into a woman of warmth and genius. One can trace the course of it in the correspondence with Blackwood: it was clever of him to see that her self-confidence as a moralist was a weakness, and that it was where she had no confidence, where she was sensitive and negligent, that her

* *The George Eliot Letters.* Edited by GORDON S. HAIGHT. *Oxford: for Yale University Press.* Vols. 1, 2 & 3. £7 7s.

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JONATHAN CAPE

potentialities lay stored. Neither Cross nor the letters bring out what Lewes knew: that she was an amusing conversationalist with a rich memory and a spirited, ironical and suggestible view of human beings. She was perfectly able to distinguish (as she was to convey to Blackwood at the time of *Scenes from Clerical Life*) between a religion and its issues and the people who were caught up in them. And when Blackwood objected to one of the last scenes in *Janet's Repentance*, when a man is seen dying of delirium tremens, she was firmly on the side of realism and not of sermons.

The gaiety goes off as time goes by and once more the letters return to her congenital solemnity. She writes charmingly to Lewes's children, but her notes of travel are a bore and her letters of friendship are like the moans of a church organ. The ill health of the sedentary life becomes chronic; one imagines she ate too much and exercised too little. At forty, life is over, the shades gather, the long headache of Victorian middle age sets in. Writing is a labour, the indispensable "enthusiasm" is missing. Lewes's creation is almost too successful; he intended a novelist, he finds himself standing beside the chair of a great moral force—a sort of anti-Queen Victoria; and so impressive is she that she wipes out of Cross's imagination any notion of the ugly, learned and talkative provincial girl whose brilliance and sensual *entêtement* upset the Chapman household and drove his mistress into hysterics, who got Herbert Spencer talked about, and who was put into a ferment herself by George Sand and Feuerbach. Yet, if these qualities were lost, if she does become solemn, there is the pervading glow. Her nature is warm. We have only to read her novels to see how misleading the letters of a writer may be; hers opinionate, they are her duty to the affection she feels for her friends, a form of intellectual housekeeping like ordering luncheon or nursing the sick. They so rarely talk about living and people simply because what she has to say about that is in her books.

V. S. PRITCHETT

DARWIN CERTAINLY SAW THE IMPORTANCE OF THE EARTHWORM

Lift these words in your hands feel their versatile feet
Feel the spot where their puppydog's heartbeats are heard
Then by stroking their fur keep their sharp tempers sweet
Pick them up on your knees where they won't say a word

An old kennel of noises now quiet as mice
Shelters stodgical style from a rat-bitten death
Words are said to be tough but they tread on thin ice
And too often expire when they run out of breath

So they're spread out to die in great boneyards and graves
Christened dictionary tomb-tomes by wise prating knaves
Numbskulled a-b-deceasings cry dons jackanaped

But there's no point in mourning for such an exact
Elementary eloquent primary fact
Take these words in your hands and just see how they're shaped.

RAYMOND QUENEAU
Translated by STANLEY CHAPMAN

THE DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT

Assignment to Catastrophe. Vol II: The Fall of France. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDWARD SPEARS. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Appetites whetted by the first volume of Sir Edward Spears's book, we can take up the second with the same confidence and delight in which we await the performance of an unfamiliar Mozart quartet: knowing that we are to hear matters of high and tragic seriousness discussed with grave elegance and wit. We put it down satisfied beyond our hopes. This volume contains none of the scrappy and sometimes egocentric discursiveness which marred too much of the first. The narrator is less in evidence: he is a camera, recording hour by hour, during the first fortnight in June, the decline of the French cabinet from confusion into despair and from despair to collapse. Our eyes, through his, are fixed on the bewildered figure of Paul Reynaud; it is only through the accounts of others, quoted briefly in passing, that we are made conscious of Spears himself, haggard and sleepless from the wearing and fruitless task imposed on him as Churchill's personal representative with the French Government.

The story as Spears tells it is as simple and serious as an archetypal myth. The squabbles between the allies at the time of Dunkirk, over the amount and nature of the help which Britain could provide, broadened out, as successive withdrawals brought ever nearer the possibility of total defeat, into a struggle for the soul of Reynaud between the forces of Darkness and the forces of Light. On the one hand were the defeatists: Weygand, "a hysterical egocentric old man," bankrupt of ideas, blaming defeat on the intrigues of freemasons and Communists, on the inadequacy of British support, on anything save the incomparable French General Staff; Baudouin and Chautemps, with their lachrymose accounts of the plight of the refugees; Vuillemin, the incompetent commander of the Air Force, who sat dumbly at council meetings with "the same expression of rather hostile bewilderment to be observed in oxen as they watch the trains go by"; and, chief witch in the coven, the odious Mme de Portes, described with restraint by a French official as "ugly, *mal soignée*, dirty, nasty, and half-demented." Against these evil, gibbering figures stood the virtuous angels, Mandel and a few Frenchmen among them, but predominantly English: serene, well-bred, drawing unshakable strength from "confidence, ease, the sense of effortless trust born of the intimacy of lives that had flowed down similar channels." And from the skies there would suddenly descend the figure of Churchill, Ormuzd and Sarastro combined, wielding his white magic. "Wonderful flashing words . . . French and English phrases tumbling over each other like waves racing for the shore." We watch the creeping advance of the dark powers, the gradual waning of the Churchillian virtue; his words ultimately having no more effect that "would have done a reading of *The Cid* on the wireless to a brawling audience in a Montmartre café, hardly conscious of it except as a noise which they would willingly have turned off." At last came the dénouement in the sinister candlelit salons at Bordeaux: Mme de Portes skulking in the corridors, Weygand planning a *coup d'état*, Reynaud at last swept away on the flood of cowardice and despair; and Spears returned, the angelic messenger whose mission had failed, to the realms of light whence he came.

All this is splendid—the more so as the author has not only a sense of high tragedy but all the skill and authority of an expert eye-witness. Trained as a liaison officer on the highest level, he took notes during all conversations and conferences and wrote them up immediately afterwards. His descriptions are sometimes minutely detailed, but one can accept them with a minimum of reserve. But on his judgments of events and people opinions will differ sharply. Spears is a good hater, and makes no secret of it. His views on those he dislikes, as on those he uncritically

admires, are unlikely to be received by historians with quite the same respect. France after all was suffering a catastrophe the like of which had not been known in this country for nearly a thousand years. The help which we could offer was terribly little. The best that Churchill could provide, for all his flashing eloquence, was three divisions and some squadrons of light bombers; and Weygand was contending with nine German armies. No wonder the white magic was inadequate. "Words are very fine," said Pétain with some reason, "But you can't beat Hitler with words." Spears was not deaf to the arguments of his adversaries, but his acid dislike for their personalities, which gives his style so fine a cutting edge, prompts one to accord more respect to his facts than to his conclusions. It is little surprising, moreover, to find all the hysterical rumours of German fifth-column activity repeated as unquestioned truths. The false telephone messages to local officials, the bogus dispatch-riders, the pantechnicons mixing with refugee-columns and dropping their sides to reveal machine-guns—how much of this has been found, by subsequent inquiry, to consist of hard fact?

But on the whole the faults of the book are the defects of its virtues; and how fine those virtues are! Perhaps in a subsequent edition the two volumes could be pruned of their ephemera and reduced into one. To ask for a uniform edition of Sir Edward Spears's three books would no doubt be an uneconomical counsel of perfection; yet such a publication would only do justice to a trilogy virtually without a parallel in the history of military affairs.

MICHAEL HOWARD

THIS SIDE OF THE CURTAIN

Within the Taurus. A Journey Through Asiatic Turkey. By PATRICK KINROSS. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Books which begin with "four long leisured days" on board ship are apt to reflect the sameness of that conventional life—surrender to the care of an unseen crew, detachment from the buzz of home, permeation by the worldwide ship's smell of hot Brasso and disinfectant. But not in the Mediterranean. There, passengers contrive to spill the life of the land all over the deck, and to bring its smells with them; the crew are a natural part of the scene and accept swigs of their chianti or arak. The country of last landfall can be pinpointed without hesitation. In this book, Turkey begins on board because the older women passengers pop their shawls into their mouths—relic of the veil—as soon as Lord Kinross looks at them, and because a shaven conscript, "crouched on deck tracing a laborious scrawl," is learning the three Rs out of his military manual.

The first tribute to a very good book must be paid to Lord Kinross's diplomacy. The Turks have for so long been accustomed to danger from Russia that their spy-consciousness about their eastern border is understandable. They hate being asked for permits to see the Araxes or cross the Euphrates, and often refuse them even to archaeologists of old acquaintance or bishops wanting to search Ararat for the wreck of the Ark. Yet this comparative stranger (he knows no Turkish at the start) contrives to sail for the eastern Black Sea with all the necessary frontier permits in his pocket. Even more commendably, he is almost always able to persuade the local officials along his road to let him use his permits to the full. Clearly, he has a way with mayors and escorts and he knows when to give in; he therefore has them making detours and taking unaccustomed exercise on mountainsides. Since the war, several other travellers, equally keen to visit the relics of what was once Armenia, but much less good at proving the innocence of their purpose, have found themselves bundled back to Ankara, permits and all, because of some remark or gesture that had not struck them as a gaffe. It is still a feat to get to the point where Mounts Ararat and Alagoz stand sentinel for each of two watching armies, or to ruined Anis, once a capital and now

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HEINEMANN

on a villageless frontier, or to where the lights of Erivan, chief city of Soviet Armenia, twinkle cheerfully but as remote as Mecca on the plain below the Turkish bus.

Of course, there are patches of frustration and boredom on any journey, even on those in vehicles of expensive and sophisticated kind. There are proportionately more when travelling cheaply, and more still in Asia, where nerves never afflict anyone but the Western passenger who has had enough of the hamlet where the lorry broke down. Another merit of Lord Kinross's is that, while he never dwells on exasperation, or shaken bones or the discomfort of nights during which he is driven crazy by the Turkish habit of leaving lights blazing both inside and outside curtainless rooms, he manages to include them in a way that conveys the patchiness of rural travel in Asia. Drawbacks there are, but of course they are offset by the sight of fabled mountains and gorges and architecture, and by the landscape of the Asian plateau that "beckons from austere and infinite horizons" all the way from the Taurus to Outer Mongolia.

Among the chief points of interest for the gregarious traveller is the character of the rural Turk. His portrait, picked out from here and there in the narrative, is not so very unlike that of an unlettered and uninhibited mid-Victorian Englishman from the hills of Berkshire or Yorkshire. His demeanour is not aristocratic, as is the Kurd's, or *chic*, as is the Greek's; he stands to these two in much the relation that the Yorkshireman does respectively to a Highlander and to a Frenchman. He has no airs and graces, and no instinct to try to please; he is taciturn at first, but warms up, gruffly, on acquaintance; even if uneducated, he sees the world in the perspective of a once-imperial race ("It seemed to them entirely logical that their sons should now be fighting the enemy in Korea instead of here on their doorstep"). In a word, he would have much in common with the inmates of any English pub except in the matter of his palate. The Turks are "eaters rather than drinkers," and cook splendidly, even in villages; their mutton dishes are a byword, and their best vegetable recipe, *Imam bayildi* ("The Imam fainted") is so good that no one knows whether he fainted over its taste or its expense. If the latter, perhaps he was not so very unlike an Englishman, either.

The Turks of the plateau do not like admitting that the Armenians were ever capable of greatness, either in battle or as builders, and so cannot be relied on as guides to the ruins among which they live. For history and architectural lore, Lord Kinross therefore leans heavily on his nineteenth-century predecessors, and, since these include Curzon and Layard, Bryce and Lynch, he gets plenty of support. As a tale of travel, his book is as pleasant as Bryce's, but it is sad that he has not been able to cap the middling lithographs of fifty years ago with some good mid-century photographs. No doubt a camera was taboo in all military areas, for, with one or two exceptions, he has chosen photographs much less good than those in his book on Cyprus; it is irritating to read of a day of scorching heat and to look at a picture of the place under snow. But this is a minor grouse about a book so well written that it could have dispensed with unseasonable pictures.

ELIZABETH MONROE

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LAMENT FOR A MAKER

Autumn Sequel. By LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

> I sometimes think
> That I am an actor too, that the Muse has defaulted
>
> And left me an apparatus, rivet and link,
> With nothing to link or rivet, and I lament
> The maker I might have been . . .
>
> (Canto V)

The reign of the Auden group has been long and gay. I doubt if any other poetry so occasional, so insistently topical, has done as well. But there are signs that it is coming to an end, and in Mr. MacNeice's new poem in 26 cantos, *Autumn Sequel*, the sceptre wavers for all to see. It would be a slight to the poet's talent, reputation and other work to pretend that this poem is not a very great disappointment. We can only ask what, in terms of the poetry, has happened; which is to question the *apparatus* as well as the material.

Mr. MacNeice used to be a poet of two voices. One was that of the serious, sensitive, individual minor poet, the classics don. He was the best of the Oxford group, except for Auden, and the most responsible: his subjects less questionable, his dignity and curiosity in the right place, his responses more frankly, though no less deeply sentimental, his tone restrained and assured. He lacked that intolerable cuteness of his colleagues. Above all, he alone of them seemed genuinely to care for the intelligence. Even Auden had little time for that, working instead by sleights of cleverness and oddity which succeeded because he was very clever, very quick and very disturbed. Yet if the information came pat it came primarily to lend an air to a pose. Not so Mr. MacNeice. When most himself he was a reflective poet and—this was least fashionable—unpretentious. Things, situations, ideas interested him more than his own case-book. He was sensitive, not nervy. Hence the success of *Snow*, *August* and *Morning Sun*, and the nostalgic, though rather vague concern of *Autumn Journal*. That was his own voice.

The other voice was that of the Oxford man, smart, irreverent, quick with his cultured references, one of the Auden gang. It did not ring so true. To my mind, much of Auden's real achievement has been to revive, in suitably new and intellectual terms, the neglected tradition of light verse. His poems had just that point, raciness and insistent swing. Their subjects were those of current knowing chatter: psychology, politics, literary gossip, the war. Fresh it certainly was, and very topical, but that now makes it difficult. The references are easy enough; the trouble is with the language. Were the clichés, the decorative playing with catch-phrases, a genuine attempt to reach a vast non-poetic audience and to popularise the art Mr. Eliot had made esoteric, for "Auden has always believed," Mr. MacNeice once wrote, "that a good writer must be first a good reporter"? Or were they just the lazy, the slangy, the clever-clever? Certainly, that is what they have become. After his earlier successes in light verse, *Bagpipe Music*, for instance, or *Bar-Room Matins*, Mr. MacNeice too seems content now with mere jingles:

> . . . those fifteen years
> A-going, a-going, ago. I to I . . .
>
> . . . devil-may savoir faire, . . .
>
> . . . bit for bat,
> Tittle and tattle and rattle and battle . . .

It is terrible how badly these tricks have dated. Being so exclusively of their particular moment, those poets of the Thirties are on the way to becoming as unreadable as the political ballad-writers in, say, *The Rump*.

Mr. MacNeice's new poem, *Autumn Sequel*, is in his modish vein. It is a long occasional piece mainly for broadcasting, written in *terza rima*. The time: Autumn, 1953. The action: Mr. MacNeice's daily life, work, trips, friends—everything from the Everest film script to the place where he bought his shoes. It is very intimate. But it is also, as he points out, rhetorical, and beneath all the jingles, the jokes ("Time must have a stop—/And so must this poor tooth") and the fake quotations ("Since we must have our worlds as in our times") Mr. MacNeice's own voice is utterly muffled. *Autumn Sequel* has no style. Which means that it has no consistent way of meeting experience, a way not preordained, its conclusions not premeditated, but at least an assurance that the mind is at work deeply, seriously. From style in this sense comes coherence. The writer's intention is everywhere. Everything counts. Instead, Mr. MacNeice has an apparatus he cannot properly manage. The poem is ruled by its *terza rima*. It rules without the hilarity of the bad rhymes of, say, *Don Juan*; it rules instead with a grotesque solemnity: we hear, for example, of

> . . . Wembley Hill
> . . . [where] the houses spill . . . .

It rules without order, even forcing him at times into incoherence—

> . . . our dumb blood flowers in a cannonade
> Of pentecostal voices . . .

And finally—this is rare with Mr. MacNeice—it over-rules even taste and decorum as he talks, for example, of "the knack/Of vision," or moves without pause from reminiscences of the death of "Gavin" to a drinking-bout with "Gwilym."

It all adds up to the worse poetic failing—staleness. The voice no longer comes fresh from the page. But then how could it, when making the best of a bad job is the theme of the poem? As he comments on his position with the B.B.C., "There was little alternative."

There seems small point in claiming that the poem had to be spread thin for broadcasting. It is not merely thinness that is in question. Mr. MacNeice once remarked that on the air "you can get away with anything *so long as you entertain*." (The italics are his.) Well, I wonder if our ears are as insensitive, our intelligence as jaded as this poem presumes. Or perhaps it is that that vast popularising medium is the logical end to what Auden started, and that the Oxford poets of the Thirties have nearly always demanded just such a banality of response. "You can get away with anything *so long as you entertain*." But how long for? Perhaps the distinction of mind Eliot brought to poetry *is* exceptionally rare, but some sort of integrity and seriousness are essential. The Thirties entertained. It was not, finally, enough. *Autumn Sequel*, like *The Age of Anxiety*, shows that they have become weary and knowing and bored with it all. All we can do is, with them, lament the makers they might have been.

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MIDDLE-CLASS WAR

The Middle Class Vote. By JOHN BONHAM. *Faber.* 21*s.*

The Psychology of Politics. By H. J. EYSENCK. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

Is there such a thing as "the middle-class vote"? Is it the same as the floating vote? If so, did its floating to the Right cause the Conservative victory in 1951? These are the kind of questions which politicians, despite their suspicion of academics, would dearly like the social scientists to answer for them. Mr. Bonham has attempted to help them by breaking down the statistics of recent Gallup Polls in order to detect the characteristics of the middle-class vote. Though it is difficult to generalise from his complex and not very well organised analysis, I think it would not be unfair to summarise his conclusions as follows.

First: The dominant factor in our politics since the first world war has not been economic interest or economic class, but the class-consciousness of the industrial workers, who provide the bulk of the Labour vote.

Second: "Middle-class consciousness" is a reaction against the working class, which first became politically significant under the Labour Government. Indeed, the least unsatisfactory answer to the question, "Who is middle class?" is, "Anyone, whatever his income, who rejects the idea of being working class."

Third: The only large body of electors who really believe that Socialism means planning and public ownership is the Conservative Party. The overwhelming majority of Labour voters desire equality but are indifferent to nationalisation: what they mean by Socialism is "fair shares for the working class."

Fourth: There is no statistical evidence for the view either that the floating vote is predominantly middle class, or that a higher proportion of middle-class than working-class electors switched from Labour to Tory after 1945.

Fifth: There is plenty of evidence to suggest that the increased Tory vote has been mainly due to the polarisation which drove non-party and Liberal voters to the Right.

Mr. Bonham spends far too much of his space in trying to discover an objective definition of the middle class, apart from the subjective concept of "middle-class consciousness." Pursuing this sociological will-of-the-wisp, he skirts the central problem of practical politics, which, of course, is how each Party can best capture the floating vote. What his researches suggest to me, however, is the thought that any diminution of traditional class-consciousness must harm Labour's electoral chances. From this point of view the security of the Welfare State and the respectability of the new suburban housing were self-defeating benefits of the Labour Government, in so far as they created a middle-class psychology. This psychology has obviously developed in London's suburbia, where Labour has lost so many seats since 1945. Why do we not find it in Birmingham or Coventry? Mr. Bonham raises this question. That he completely fails to answer it indicates a gap in his investigations which needs to be filled. Meanwhile we must be content with two interim judgments. In the first place, any Right-wing Labour leadership which loses its class-consciousness and tries to make a "national" appeal to the electorate is bound to become divorced from the bulk of its supporters. In the second place, Left-wingers who talk too much about nationalisation and international problems may attract the minority of Party militants but will probably have small electoral appeal for the apathetic industrial worker. What the potential Labour voter still expects to hear from Labour politicians is that the British working class is being unfairly treated by the bosses, and will be given a larger slice of the national cake after the next election.

Mr. Eysenck, I suspect, would regard Mr. Bonham's results as superficial. His ambition is to probe beneath the surface of public opinion, which the polls examine, in order to discover the real motive forces of political behavour. In *The Psychology of Politics* he carries me far out of my depth, so that I cannot be sure whether it is his profundity or his obscurity which prevented me from understanding his concluding chapters. But the pages of this book in which he exposes the scientific limitations of the Gallup Poll are so brilliant and so instructive that they should be made compulsory reading for everyone who writes about politics. While agreeing that the results of the British Gallup Poll are far more accurate than those of Dr. Gallup himself in the United States, he exposes five serious flaws in the present methods of sampling public opinion. In America, at least, the predictions of the pollsters are about as reliable as those of the meteorologists. Indeed, anyone who guessed that the Democrats would get exactly the same vote in each of the last four elections would have been slightly more accurate than Dr. Gallup.

Having put the pollsters in their place, Mr. Eysenck proceeds to tell us his own method of examining public opinion in politics. He suggests that political behaviour can only be scientifically investigated if we give up the facile assumption that it operates in the single dimension of political ideas. In addition to what he calls the R-scale, which runs from Radicalism to Conservatism, he suggests that there is a T-scale, which runs from Toughness to Softness, or from Authoritarianism to Humanitarianism. Thus, Fascists and Communists are at the same end of the T-scale but at opposite ends of the R-scale, just as there are Conservatives who are humanitarian and Socialists with a tendency to toughness. This hypothesis, which is worked out with enormous complexity, does seem to provide a useful method, particularly for investigating divisions within Parties. Mr. Eysenck is able to show, for instance, some very interesting differences between middle-class and working-class attitudes. The middle class, whatever party they belong to, tend to be more Radical than the working class, and the working class to be more authoritarian than the middle class. Here is the result of his investigation into a number of test attitudes:

> Working-class people as opposed to middle-class people share the following beliefs: in favour of compulsory sterilisation; in favour of harsh treatment of criminals; in favour of unrestricted freedom of discussion; opposed to conscientious objectors; against miscegenation; opposed to changes in the licensing laws; agreeing that human beings are all born with the same potentialities; that flogging is good in cases of violence; that Jews are too powerful; that the Japanese are by nature a cruel people; that the death penalty should not be abolished; and "spare the rod and spoil the child."

I am not quite sure what the policy-makers in Transport House should conclude from Dr. Eysenck's investigations. But at least they confirm Mr. Bonham's contention that the bulk of the Labour voters are not likely to be enthusiastic for the kind of soft policies which are designed to attract the middle-class vote.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A SCOTS TRADITION

Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaits. By SIR DAVID LINDSAY. Edited by JAMES KINSLEY. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Robert Burns. By MAURICE LINDSAY. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

Mr. Eliot has a remark somewhere about Burns being a great poet in a decadent tradition; Sir David Lindsay was a middling poet—skilful, fluent, pungent. For splendour and concentration nobody would rank him with Dunbar or Henryson, for rugged strength with Gawain Douglas, or even for natural grace of mind with a much slighter artist, his contemporary, Alexander Scott. Yet he did come at the outer edge of a great tradition. A recent writer on morality plays, Mr. L. A. Cormican, speaks of their "singleness of aim, growing out of the precision of medieval beliefs, and drawing on the vigour of common speech." Sir David was already in his gibes at the Church undermining these precisions; just as Burns, in *Holy Willie's Prayer,* is attacking the residual precisions of a coarse, simplified Augustinianism. Neither poet is a "thinker"; both attack men rather than ideas. For Lindsay, a parish-priest is a teind-grabber, clinging to the "consuetude" that allows him the dead man's cow and the dead woman's bedcloth; for Burns, the Calvinist who yields to the sins of the flesh which he denounces is simply a hypocrite. One of the more amusing of his sometimes merely rank bawdy pieces, quoted by Mr. Maurice Lindsay in his new biography, puts this point well. A lady called "Godly Lizzie" is assailed on the way home from a prayer-meeting by a sturdy ruffian:

> . . . And she was faint wi' holy wark,
> She had na pith to say him na.
> But ay she glower'd up to the moon,
> And ay she sigh'd most piously—
> "I trust my heart's in heaven aboon,
> Where'er your sinful pistle be."

For Lindsay, a strong monarchy, sound preaching, a general reading of the Bible would make the Church of Rome's claims superfluous and ridiculous; for Burns, a hearty, manly, rational optimism, a deism a little coloured by Christian phraseology, would make Calvinist heart-searchings superflous and ridiculous. Both of them perhaps a little underestimated the element of original Auld Nick in their energetic countrymen.

What unifies *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaits* and gives it moral dignity is the medieval conception, not yet undermined by the new Reformation motions, of kingship:

> Ye are my members suppois I be your head . . .

We can contrast that with Burns's "description of Louis XVI as a perjured blockhead and his queen, Marie Antoinette, as an unprincipled prostitute, both of whom had met the fate they deserved at the hangman's hands." It is typical of a habitual gap in Scottish perceptiveness—a hasty sincerity or a too rash contempt for tact—that

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Burns wrote this to a lady, Mrs. Dunlop, who had two French refugee sons-in-law and a son of her own in the army. It is typical also of something not wholly admirable in the Scottish character that he should be trying to make it up with her a week or two later through uneasy facetiousness about "the swinish multitude." Lindsay's devotion to monarchy was glowing enough to make his gibes at the Spiritual Estate forgivable by Marie of Guise, who saw his play twice. Burns lived in a society which offered him no obvious unifying symbol, not even a definite rank and function.

Seducing country girls, flirting with women of quality, drinking too much both at lordly dinner-tables and low bar-parlours, ready at the drop of a handkerchief to play the part either of untutored rustic bard or gentleman bluestocking, shifting from a sentimental Jacobitism to a speculative Jacobinism, yet never carrying his Left-wing politics far enough either seriously to endanger his government post or to prevent him parading patriotically with the volunteers, Burns is a very typical poet of what we today call "an age of transition." There can have been few weeks in his life, after the establishment of his fame, when he did not enjoy either the correspondence or the convivial company of his betters; few weeks, also, free from the dullest drudgery or the harshest and most wearing money-worries. Mr. Lindsay reminds us again that he died of a heart condition, aggravated probably by worry and certainly brought to a head by unsuitable treatment, and not of drink—he was a heavy drinker, but not an alcoholic—and still less of the effects of venereal disease. It is not even true that he went into a kind of moral decay. Almost to the last, he was working like a black both at the excise and on songs. Another good point in Mr. Lindsay's readable, compact, and vivid book is the lack of sentimentality about Highland Mary and the justice done to Mrs. Maclehose and Mrs. Riddell. It was only in his passionate friendships with these two that Burns made any attempt at all at achieving a complex, civilised, and self-restrained relationship with a woman; and this attempt must have been better for him, as a man and a poet than any amount of facile rustic fornication. (Jean Armour, of course, was a good, loyal, patient creature, but what on earth did she and Burns talk about?)

One's final impression of Burns from Mr. Lindsay's book is of a man so proud and passionate that one is always expecting him to destroy himself, but so sturdy also that he is able to take and bear an enormous amount of strain. Possibly, in both a broad and a crude sense of the word, no poet of these islands has been more of a man; has been at once so virile and so humane. It was a good thing in the long run that he could only flirt with Clarinda; women of his own class held him to that class, made him shoulder his responsibilities, kept him from cutting away from his roots, inspired some of his loveliest songs, even if they had nothing to say to his mind. Yet there is a dimension lacking in his greatness, and lacking also in his time. He is perhaps the least Christian of the major English poets (for he is *a* major English poet, as well as perhaps *the* major Scots one). Sir David Lindsay is a duller, coarser person—in her introduction Miss Mure Mackenzie refers aptly to his "grimy back-chat"—but something has gone from Burns's world that is still there for Lindsay:

> Birds hes thair nests, and todis hes thair den,
> Bot Christ Jesus the Saviour of men
> In all this warld hes nocht ane penny braid,
> Quhair on he may repois his heavinlie head.

What has gone is humility and devotion, broadly—or, narrowing it down more, the assurance of a centre.

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> Schubert's "Erl King," which she sang at her first lesson, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, in which I had just heard her, were quite unimpressive. Her only thoughts were on herself, that she should do nothing wrong and make as pleasing a sound as possible with a steady flow of tone . . .
>
> To get rid of selfconsciousness I tried to turn her thoughts to the things she was singing about . . . We painted pictures conjured up by the song. Here would be a tree in full bloom; lambs playing over there; a stream running in the distance yonder . . . She heard the fury of the storm in "Die junge Nonne," the sad song of the nightingale in "Der Tod, das ist der kühle Nacht." She felt the cooling breeze on her hot cheeks as she sang about it in "Suleika," the icy shivering wind in "Vergebliches Ständchen."

And in the end, Mr. Henderson claims, she could make her listeners visualize these things too. The claim leads into controversy, and controversy to discussion of the nature of Kathleen Ferrier's art. It may be thought that she died before she had become a finished artist; perhaps only in her Covent Garden Orpheus, in her *Gerontius* Angel, and in a handful of songs, did execution fully realize intention. Such a view distresses those who succumbed without reservation to the warmth, candour and patent sincerity of her personality and her singing—and to the beauty of her voice. They will be distressed too when they turn to Mr. Cardus's chapter. He suggests that it was "an inbred North of England kindliness and generosity of temperament" which kept her Lieder singing from winning international acclaim. He does not even wholeheartedly approve her Mahler. "She was, as a fact, a sympathetic rather than a poignant singer. Even in Mahler, to whose secret she came as we all know close indeed, she brought with her a consoling, comforting vocal embrace which soothed the nerve of the music."

Yet as all the critics who ever wrote about her know, her radiant personality tended to disarm criticism. Mr. Cardus admits frankly the struggle that a notice of her Festival Hall recital in November, 1952, cost him: "it was severe but the animadversions were toned down by langauge never before used in the *Manchester Guardian*, such as 'This beloved artist . . .' But I remained unhappy, so I decided to explain in a letter to her why I had been obliged to make my criticism."

The trouble was that she had acted too fully on Mr. Henderson's suggestions; in the *Frauenliebe und Leben* she had looked down at her hand when singing "Du Ring an meinem Finger," and so on. Kathleen Ferrier minded criticism very much. Sir John Barbirolli tells us how she "literally purred" over a favourable notice. She was deeply wounded by Mr. Cardus's, though she answered his letter gently enough, and with self-justification ("If someone I adored had just proposed to me, I should be breathless with excitement and unable to keep still . . . so I can't help doing it this way.") She was hurt too when Desmond Shawe-Taylor, in this journal, wrote words about her first Glyndebourne Orpheus whose truth she was later readily to admit:

> Kathleen Ferrier has the great merit of looking well, and her performance is never less than sincere and dignified (except when Mr. Fritz Stiedry raced through "Che farò"); but I cannot pretend that I found it thrilling. If she could bring the top five or six notes of her voice into a smoother relationship with her noble lower octave, breathe more quietly, abandon the lingering traces of oratorio hoot and take a few tips in the matter of expressive phrasing from little Amor, this intelligent, modest and sympathetic artist could turn herself into an Orfeo whom one would never forget.

Which of course was just what happened: at Covent Garden in 1953, to quote the same critic in the same journal, Miss Ferrier was "an Orpheus whom for dignity and nobility it would be hard to match in the world."

Yet Mr. Shawe-Taylor's earlier notice (coming after others of an adulatory nature and the first to suggest that the 1947 Orpheus was less than perfect—a recording exists to prove his point) rankled, and Kathleen Ferrier's reply to Mr. Cardus includes an unforgiving and distorted reference to that five-year-old notice. It is unfortunate that a phrase which no responsible critic could have written should have been reproduced here without a footnote to set it right.

In the other chapters of this book Sir John Barbirolli writes with gratitude of their performances together; Benjamin Britten describes her share in three of his works (*Lucretia*, the Spring Symphony and *Abraham and Isaac*); Gerald Moore in a warm-hearted and spontaneous tribute recalls her personality; and Bruno Walter adds a farewell.

This is a moving book. "Everyone is a different person to different people," writes Mr. Cardus. "Sometimes when I have heard Kathleen's closest friends speak of her I have almost thought that they were discussing some other Kathleen, different in essential ways, from the one I knew." I sometimes felt the same when reading this Memoir. But all who knew her loved her; the "inner glow of her nature" shines reflected from these pages and from the photographs. Like Mr. Cardus, I must struggle to criticize, for I hear her records now through a mist of tears. The memory of *Das Lied von der Erde*, and of an afternoon spent talking to her in University College Hospital, of *Abraham and Isaac*, and of happy hours in Aldeburgh, bring back too keen a sense of loss. Her personality and her singing were inseparable.

ANDREW PORTER

NEW NOVELS

White Hunter, Black Heart. By PETER VIERTEL. *W. H. Allen.* 15*s.*

Dawn on Our Darkness. By EMMANUEL ROBLÈS. Translated by THERÈSE POL. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Paper Chain. By LAWRENCE BENEDICT. *Deutsch.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Young Have Secrets. By JAMES COURAGE. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

After fifteen years Mr. Peter Viertel's first novel, *The Canyon*, remains vivid in my mind. It was an exercise in what is probably the oldest living tradition in American fiction, that tradition in which uninhibited, extraverted boyhood is looked back upon by the author as the golden time almost comparable in promise to the notion of the West in American history. The promises are not honoured, the frontier recedes infinitely; the boy, despite the freedom of the Mississippi, the Michigan woods or the gulches of California, becomes "sivilised" after all; but the time was golden all the same. The great exemplars of the tradition are *Huckleberry Finn* and *In Our Time*, but Mr. Viertel's *The Canyon* was a worthy addition. Since then he has written one novel I have not read and now *White Hunter, Black Heart*. It is a novel impressive alike in its power and its intelligence.

Mr. Viertel's subject is the degeneration of a Hollywood film director, John Wilson. The novel is, incidentally, a wonderfully fresh account of all that goes to the making of a film, the discussions preparatory to it, the waiting on backers, the financial legerdemain, and the rest. But all this is incidental: the subject is the man Wilson, the artist whose degeneracy takes the form of a mania for big-game hunting which ends, as in the context it must, in personal dishonour. His story is told by a novelist and scriptwriter named, no doubt significantly, Peter Verrill, who is Wilson's reluctant Achates, one truly *fidus* for so long as it is possible for him to be. Now the scene of most of the book is Africa. Mr. Viertel knows that, reading his novel, we are going to think of *Heart of Darkness* and also of Mr. Hemingway's big-game hunting books and stories. Indeed, through Verrill and Wilson, he makes the points himself. But he does not write anything like pastiche; his attitude is entirely opposite to Hemingway's romanticism; and he is not playing a bravura piece upon the Conrad, with all the stops out. Yet it is with Conrad that his affinities lie, and on what is admittedly a single reading he sustains the comparison. He is working on the Conrad scale; and his technique is masterly. The novel is long but builds all the time up to its climax, the final moment of Wilson's dishonour which is also the moment of his self-realisation. Wilson, like Kurtz and Tuan Jim, is a character who is also a symbol. This novel is about the making of a film in Africa and about a film-director who goes berserk; but it is about much more, too. And in the obsession with big-game hunting Mr. Viertel has found the completely satisfying objective correlative to his hero's destructive impulses.

With *Dawn on Our Darkness* we are back among the Existentialists:

> Valerio had the feeling that he had never in his life been free, that others had made all decisions for him, that his life had in fact been stolen from him.

This means in fact, as it almost always does when we read similar passages in fiction, that the hero has suddenly realised he has married the wrong woman. But in its way, the world of the Existentialists is not so unlike Conrad's: labels change, the thing remains the same: honour, fidelity, is all. *Dawn on Our Darkness* is a novel about fidelity, the fidelity of an Italian doctor in a slummy corner of Sardinia to a poor, persecuted comrade who is being hunted by the police for murder. To this, if need be, security and love must be sacrificed. M. Roblès writes with great vividness; the action of his story is set in a welter of storm. This, with its passions and its violence, is the southern novel, not the Anglo-Saxon. Hardly the thing, one fancies, to please the Sardinian Tourist Board, but a convincingly grim rendering of an island off the beaten track of most of us. The translation seems adequate.

Mr. Lawrence Benedict, in *The Paper Chain*, brings us much nearer home. He has written a very funny short novel which has little literary merit but which will be greeted with delighted recognition by readers in the know. *The Paper Chain* is a "shop" novel. The scene of the action is Gorham's Associated Press, the central character Kipping, the editor of *Gaytime*, a magazine losing circulation. There is a sleepy managing director, an ambitious junior director, a circulation manager who knows all the answers ("Fill it with tits and drop the price to a tanner, and I'll sell a million"), an advertising agent who thinks journalists unnecessary; there are executives with vast expense accounts and journalists in danger of losing jobs. Mr. Benedict is funny about all these and especially funny about market research. His story of intrigue, misunderstanding and cross-purpose strikes one as barely exaggerated, and its accuracy will not be doubted by any who have experience within of the world of mass-entertainment and advertising.

The novelty of *The Young Have Secrets* lies in its setting: New Zealand in 1914. This gives it its slight air of difference. Young Walter Blakiston is the solitary boarder in the home of the headmaster of his prep school; around him the grown-ups play out the mysterious and mystifying dramas of their emotional lives. Walter is, in fact, our little friend the sensitive small boy all ears for the goings on of the adult world. I found it difficult to believe that quite so many sexually dissatisfied adults would have been at hand to take the child so unabashedly into their several confidences. Indeed, for me this novel was quite unconvincing in its simple mechanics. But Mr. Courage writes with care and considerable delicacy.

WALTER ALLEN

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Cortés and Montezuma. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber.* 15*s.*

"The art and beauty of historical composition is to tell the truth." This is the dictum of Bernal Diaz, the old conquistador from whose garrulous narrative every historian of the conquest of Mexico takes his most vivid touches. How does Mr. Collis's version of the epic stand up to this searching criterion? There can be no doubt that it is written in the quest for truth; but the truths which interest Mr. Collis are psychological rather than the detail of what actually happened.

This is not to say that he is unwilling or unable to tell a good story. No one could make the story of Cortés dull. Mr. Collis, eschewing Prescott's fustian and Madariaga's rumination, has recounted it with a welcome concision and a sustained sense of excitement. His chief interest, however, lies in exploring the more abstract conflicts in the meeting of two races, two religions, and two leaders. His theme is the way in which both found their fulfilment in their antagonism. Though he pokes fun at their magic and shudders at their bloodthirstiness, his sympathies are with the Mexicans: he admires their art, and is impressed by the correctness of their forecasting and the vigour of their esoteric logic. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were blind in their invincible might; only Cortés had realised the import and the inevitability of conquest. "Montezuma is the more interesting because the more mysterious"; Mr. Collis, by using the results of modern archæological and anthropological research, does his best to resolve the mystery. No one who believes that the historian should explain as well as narrate will think his attempted elucidation lacks interest. No one who believes that the historian must tell the truth will imagine that Mr. Collis has told us all.

The Victorian Home. By RALPH DUTTON. *Batsford.* 30*s.*

Mr. Dutton writes of Victorian taste and manners, principally in the home. His regard is affectionate; his tone agreeable. As decade glides into decade, we pass from rococo-gilt, rosewood, and papier-mâché to bicycles, sphairistike [tennis] and the Aesthetic Movement, until finally in 1896, legalised by the Repeal of the Locomotive Act, came "the horseless carriage." The years between were less fortunate. In the 40s and 50s taste had sunk to its nadir: pattern luxuriated everywhere; colours, even before the invention of aniline dyes, were strident; while furniture had become not only massive but dangerous. The curse of the Great Exhibition was working itself out, as the middle classes, eager for respectability and comfort, ignorant of tradition or style, avid for wealth, rose implacably to power. The author suggests that feminine control of decoration may have been partly to blame for this tasteless revolution. If so, it was the sole power they enjoyed. For their climb into sport and the professions was arduous, and not until the 80s could one see "fair toxophilites" and "sweet girl graduates."

Fashion was as strict as law. Lady Palmerston wrote to her niece: "I think, Fanny, I must really begin low bodies again in the evening." She was over 80, but undeterred. Mr. Dutton's treatment of the deeper currents of architecture, painting, and social reform is light, even superficial. Everything is viewed in the domestic mirror. He sometimes shows more sympathy than discrimination, but has contrived to relate, with scholarship and humour, many facts in such a way that a smug and pompous age seems attractive.

FROM THE TIMES OF NOV. 27:

"Her delight in humanity, her poet's passion, gives

Man on Earth

its splendid distinction. It is a rich mine of knowledge and insight into the origins, nature and destiny of man. Only an archaeologist and an anthropologist, who is also a poet, could undertake this and perhaps

JACQUETTA HAWKES

is the only writer today who is thus thrice endowed."

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THE CRESSET PRESS

The Friendships and Follies of Oscar Wilde. By LEWIS BROAD. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

During the fifty years that have passed since Oscar Wilde was tried at the Old Bailey the public attitude towards him has cautiously progressed from moral indignation to pity. In this account of Wilde's rise and fall Mr. Broad moves with the times; he strikes the fashionable contemporary note of compassion for the artist's sufferings without venturing to forgive him for his sins. Now that Lord Alfred Douglas is safely dead tongues can wag without fear of libel actions; and Mr. Broad, like others before him, marks Lord Alfred down as the evil genius who precipitated Wilde's fall, while careful to save his own skin by a timely withdrawal to the Continent.

It is tempting to interpret Wilde's tragedy, as Mr. Broad does, along the lines of classical Greek drama, with *nemesis* pursuing *hubris* to inexorable doom. But fate is more haphazard than that. There are plenty of vainglorious men who do not come a cropper automatically; and Wilde's position before his trial was no worse than that of many another famous man who would not care to have his sexual habits exposed to public scrutiny. Not until the evidence is rammed down its throat does the English gorge rise against homosexuality. Wilde had plenty of time to catch the boat-train to Dover before his arrest, had he been so minded. Why did he face the music so unnecessarily? Mr. Broad alludes to Wilde's interest in the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, but fails to follow up that psychological hint to its logical Freudian conclusion. To be tortured in public may not be everyone's fantasy, but it can be confidently ascribed to Wilde. Moreover, it was reinforced with a deep sense of guilt. On his death-bed in Paris, when temptation was at an end, Wilde confessed his sins and was shriven by a priest in order to be received into the Roman Catholic faith. If, as seems likely, it was a St. Sebastian complex rather than blind nemesis which impelled Wilde to stand his trial, his intention has been only half-realised. Sheaves of arrows have been directed at him and found their mark in the last fifty years, but the halo is yet to come.

Social Security in the British Commonwealth. By RONALD MENDELSOHN. *Athlone Press.* 35*s.*

This is an important and most useful book. Despite its somewhat forbidding academic title, it can and should be read by anyone professionally or politically concerned with social security problems. Mr. Mendelsohn is an Australian civil servant, and he brings to his analysis of social security a mind that is remarkably clear of the shibboleths which encumber discussion of social security finance and pensions. His summaries of the growth and present structure of security schemes —in Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Canada—are accurate and concise, so that he has ample space to deal with the specific questions that have now arisen in all four countries, and particularly in Britain.

Should the objective be the National Minimum or the National Optimum? Should the false "insurance" conception now be abandoned; should the contributory principle be abolished now that the coverage, in Britain at least, is almost universal; should security benefits now be provided as a social service, rather than as allegedly independent funds for mutual aid? Are flat rate benefits best, especially for pensions, or should there be some means of graduating them to cushion the fall from normal earnings to retirement incomes? All these issues are already topical, and in the next few months they will become one of the main topics of domestic politics. This excellent study should help to stimulate clear thinking about them.

Shakespeare: the Last Phase. By DEREK TRAVERSI. *Hollis & Carter.* 21*s.*

The writer claims in a preliminary note that "the series of comedies with which Shakespeare rounded off his career as a dramati.. are still too often considered as a somewhat irrelevant appendix to his work." If this were at all substantially true Mr. Traversi's book would be much more important than it is. But in point of fact hardly any critic has so represented the final plays for a long time; and contemporary opinion is much better expressed on the immediately succeeding page, where we are reminded of the "realisation" that these plays form part of a continuous development of theme and treatment discernible in the whole of Shakespeare's dramatic output. That Shakespeare is here "reaching out in conscious experiment towards new dramatic forms," and that he is preoccupied with the theme of reconciliation and its symbolical representation, are now sufficiently familiar propositions. Interest in any fresh treatment of them will depend upon the degree in which a fascinating but rather cloudy territory is given sharp definition on the critical map.

What, we may ask, is really meant by saying that "the plot has become simply an extension, an extra vehicle of the poetry"? Can the extension of a thing, and one or another vehicle upon which that thing is conveyed, be equated in this way with any logic? Or what is meant by saying that "the plays themselves are to be regarded as expanded images"? Can we really take any sort of image and, by expanding it, arrive at a play in which a number of powerfully realised people are exhibited in dramatic situations involving happiness and misery? Mr. Traversi's book, like the books of Mr. Wilson Knight of which it must sometimes remind us, is full of genuinely suggestive but tantalisingly imprecise statements. An understanding—perhaps a deep understanding—of Shakespeare's art does obscurely intimate its presence all the way through. But it won't, somehow, crystallise out. And this seems to be owing to an insufficiently rigorous attitude to language. Mr. Traversi should take time off from Shakespeare's linguistic habits and examine his own.

The Blue Continent. By FOLCO QUILICI. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

The shallow waters over the coral reefs in the Red Sea are warm (almost blood-heat) and seething with life. In 1952 the Italians sent out an underwater expedition of scientists collecting and studying specimens, spearfishermen shooting and getting acquainted with sharks, and photographers recording it all on film. They were also lucky enough to watch the antics of manta-rays in childbirth and to hear the conversational squeaks of a school of pilot-whales. Signor Quilici's limpid story is illustrated with some of the remarkable photographs he took, many of them in colour. This is not the first account of diving in the Red Sea, but it is quite the most agreeable.

Ambassador's Report. By CHESTER BOWLES. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Ambassador's Report is fresh, exciting, friendly and thoughtful. Mr. Chester Bowles, with Rooseveltian traditions and a background of Unesco (he was a

U.S. delegate to the first Conference) and Unicef (he was its Chairman), was no stuffed-shirt diplomat. From the moment that he, his wife, and his children arrived in Delhi in 1951, India was a second home, intimate and happy. The cynic might dismiss this American as a good showman, the Communist as a warmonger, dominated by Wall Street. But the fact that emerges so unmistakably from *Ambassador's Report* is the genuine, unpatronising interest which the entire Bowles family acquired in India; Mrs. Bowles learnt Hindi, the children went to Indian schools on their bicycles. The Ambassador sympathetically studied Indian problems at first hand: he was deeply impressed by the Indian elections, by the new towns to house refugees, and after a careful study of the land problem he saw the force of Vinoba Bhave's movement and wondered whether his land campaign may have "struck the spark which relights the Gandhian force in Indian life." In a discerning analysis of Pandit Nehru's success in governing India, he calls the creation of a secular state "one of his greatest achievements."

Convinced that what Nehru says, "most free Asians think," Mr. Chester Bowles took great pains to understand his point of view. "It is immature and indeed ridiculous," he writes, "for us to jump to the conclusion that because he is not 100 per cent. for us, he must be against us." The Ambassador did not convince the Indian Prime Minister that he must inevitably take sides in the cold war. But the two men had in common a belief that community development was a key to village Asia. The result was that they signed an agreement allocating without any strings whatsoever an American loan for the Community projects part of India's Five-Year Plan. On the day the programme was launched in 28 Indian States and Nehru and his colleagues took shovels to start off the voluntary road building, Mr. Chester Bowles writes: "No Indian could have been any happier that day than I was." It rings true.

Week-end Competition

No. 1294

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a modern morality *or* fairytale, in 100 words, entitled *Three Wishes*. Entries by Monday, December 20.

Result of No. 1,291

Set by Augustus Harris

In his recent *Observer* articles Sir Hugh Casson has reported that the Chinese visa form has "fifty questions, the final one of which states 'Please now write your autobiography'". Competitors are asked to supply an entry suitable for such a purpose, in not more than 150 words, by any one of the following: Margot Asquith, Isadora Duncan, Frank Harris, Tallulah Bankhead, Sir Osbert Sitwell, Groucho Marx, Thomas Merton.

Report

Ten gushing Tallulahs, a handful of grandiloquent Sir Osberts, a couple of squeaky Trappists and one or two thin-voiced Margots were overborne by the landslide of Marxists. Groucho seemed to release some comic collective unconscious in *N.S. & N.* readers. One had no idea so much gag-writing talent abounded.

None of the other six candidates for China really scored an autobiographical bull's eye, though many entries had good things in them. I liked Findlay P. Murdoch's "When my husband first asked if I would marry him, I told him to wait and see"; also Joan Bower's bland Osbertian beginning ("It is not possible during my brief visit to this excellently governed and friendly country . . ."). Horace Wyndham and Jim Parrott did well but unevenly by Frank Harris and I particularly liked Parrott's conclusion:

> Man is born, grows to towering youth, procreates, writes, travels and dies. I have lustily succeeded in doing all these except the last; and, as for that, when my own hour strikes, what can I fear? I know that, with Pantagruel on my left arm and with Shakespeare at my right, saluted with plaudits and welcomed by the sweet songs of the blessed, I shall, in all humility, enter Heaven.
> May I now enter China?

The prize money to be divided equally between the six entries printed below.

GROUCHO MARX

Born in Paris in 1793 at age of 45, unnatural child of Louis XVI and Madame Guillotine. Spent childhood as demned elusive Percy Blakeney and fifty years of adolescence writing *Das Kapital*, after which rode by bicycle to Tibet to prepare Shangri La for coming of Mr. Colman. Punctured at Odessa on way back, persuaded Eisenstein to start revolution. After you, Mr. Peck. Went to United States to repeal prohibition and investigate impostor using my name in low music-hall act. Turned out not impostor but other half of finest split personality since Nebuchadnezzar. To decide custody of brothers we drew lots. We drew lots of money from bank and squandered it on Margaret Dumont. World Chess Champions, 1947. Later we refused Presidency of United States and became unnatural fathers of Marlon Brando. Put out that cigar, Mrs. Piewhistle. Recent activities include modelling for horror-comic artists and writing autobiography.

W. E. BOWMAN

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7.00-8.00 p.m.	31, 41 and 49
8.00-9.30 p.m.	41 and 49
9.30-10.00 p.m.	31, 41 and 49
10.00-10.30 p.m.	41, 49, 216, 290, 375 and 522

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This is the correct title of Roland H. Bainton's new work, which was misprinted in an advertisement last week. *15s. net*

LUTTERWORTH PRESS

Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK D.C.O.

FURTHER EXPANSION

The 29th annual general meeting of Barclays Bank D.C.O. will be held on Dec. 29 in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the chairman, Mr. J. S. CROSSLEY, for the year to Sept. 30, 1954:

The Bank's business has continued to expand during the year, and although we have not been opening new branches at quite such a rapid rate as in the past, we have, on an average, opened more than five offices each month since our last report was issued.

In the balance sheet, the figures show an increase of £38,000,000 in creditor balances. Although there has been a slight drop of about 1 per cent. in our cash ratio, this still remains at the high figure of over 19 per cent. The other principal changes on the assets side are a further rise in the ratio of advances from over 34 per cent. to over 37 per cent., represented by an increase of approximately £26,000,000 in the total of this item. The expansion in our business that has taken place during the year has on this occasion been most marked in South Africa, where the economic position has shown a striking improvement. Although almost all other sections of the Bank have contributed to this expansion, the rate of growth has not been quite so marked in some areas as has been the case in recent years. As might be expected, the effect of all this has resulted in an increase in the earnings for the year, out of which we have felt it wise to allocate a substantial amount to reserves, while maintaining the dividend at the old rate.

TAXATION

The Chancellor has stated recently that it should be possible for us in this country to double our standard of living within the next 25 years; he has also held out hopes of some reduction in taxation. There is a connection between these two things, for taxation is not a purely negative weapon, but a flexible instrument which can be so shaped as to promote greater production and efficiency, discourage consumption, or increase the flow of capital investment. In recent years, there has been a tendency to reduce the impact of direct taxation at the lower end of the scale, thereby excluding altogether large numbers of people from the category of income tax payers.

The view is, I believe, widely held both within the trade unions and outside them, that in many trades and industries the gap between the effective pay of skilled and unskilled employees is too narrow.

As in the case of our road system, though perhaps not quite so obviously, our system of taxation has utterly failed to keep pace with changing requirements. Already it has driven many important companies to take overseas domicile, while many more, which in other circumstances would have been formed in this country, are being formed elsewhere, even though they may still look to London as their market for capital. If, for similar reasons, key men in industry and commerce should follow suit in large numbers, the loss to the country might become calamitous. What is needed is a new approach to these questions by minds uninhibited by the past, and prepared to take into consideration the facts of the present.

"Good morning, my dear. I've brought you something nice for Christmas."

Many Church Army Christmas Parcels go to old folk who live alone. Each parcel is carefully compiled to suit the particular needs of the person and contains festive treats, a ticket for coal, perhaps some money if the need is great.

Please help to make the distribution as wide as possible by sending a gift to The Rev. E. Wilson Carlile, Chief Secretary, "Christmas Work," 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

"Volkswagenlebensbeschreibung" meaning autobiography, or more colloquially, autobiography.

Don't confuse an autobiography with an oratorio. Each is different from the other, and there the resemblance ends. This is not to belittle the pressure cooker.

For the story of my mis-spelt yewth you'll have to wait, he's on vacation. Give him an inch and he'll take a mile which is no mean feat, but if you mean feet why give him an inch in the first place, and in the second place what were you doing in the first place.

Well as Marilyn Monroe said when she put on her sweater, I hope I've covered the salient points. Now find me a single room with a *double entendre*.

H. ELLIS

I was born, if at all, on December 50th, 1555, and this being just a little too late to join the expedition organised by that wise-guy, Columbus, who'd been told by Ferdinand, or Isabella, or Ferdinand and Isabella, or Isabella, or maybe it was the Pope, that he was ahead of his time, I arranged to be born right in those United States. Yes, sir, yes sir*ree*, right in those United States! The Indians have never recovered. Waal, suh, I just settled right down with ma chickuns an' a itsy-bitsy field o' rye, an'—Waiter! I said a *short* mint-julep. Pre-Prohibition, things were different. Post-Prohibition, a Pre-Prohibition drink is practically Pro-Prohibition. Gentlemen, that is our problem today: Post-Masters cannot be Past-Masters Any further questions?

The next thing was, they said I'd arrived too early to have any ancestors on the *Mayflower*, and I joined the other outcasts by going on the movies. The movies are going on, and I have gone on the radio, so that radio is going on. Any further inventions?

ONGAR

Yeah, folks, I was born. Thanks for your interest. May I assume you were? . . . Parents? What do you think. Study the subject. Age? Sorry folks I just couldn't count up to one. Sex? Thank you! I used to discourse to all the birds and the flowers and the bees, and did I start a hum. How do you like my ugly head, Sister? Then I started to grouch. I think my Ma must have left me out in the rain. I was soaked to the skin. My Pa was a grouch too. Nothing he wouldn't complain about. If there was, he complained. Then I fell in love. Shall we draw a veil? Thank you. I used to draw about seven veils. Boy, would I like to cut a short story long! Why! Honey! . . . I wanna be alone right now—with one exception.

D. W. BARKER

My parents were poor, humble, honest, clean working-class people who hoped I would be like my Uncle Karl. Because, as a baby, I seemed so dissatisfied with social conditions, I was named Groucho.

I remember my father always singing about the dawn coming up like thunder out of China, and since then I have longed to visit such a wonderful country.

I disliked school, where they tried to make me think for myself, and I was always in trouble for not remembering the dates of imperialistic wars of aggression. That made me see red. I became a film actor to bring laughter to oppressed workers everywhere, and I have infiltrated into Hollywood to take away as much money as possible from the capitalist classes. I always drink China tea and my favourite bar is called "The Rising Sun." My motto through life has been "Peace —at any price."

A. W. DICKER

ISADORA DUNCAN

Which of my lives am I to write, the Madonna, the Messalina or the Magdalen? Next, I ask, is it possible for me to write the truth about myself? Do I even know it? Has there ever been a completely truthful autobiography? I can say no more than that I have lived, danced and loved. Even if I had the gift of words I could only tell you of my life as I now see it in retrospect. That is not what you want, as my vision is not your vision, and in any case I have not the gift of words. But I have another gift which is far above that, and by virtue of that gift, or as I prefer to call it, My Art, I will dance my life for you. You will then have your own vision of my life, and learn whatever you want to learn.

LESLIE JOHNSON

CHESS

No. 271. Good Old Hypermoderns

Some thirty years ago J. Breyer proclaimed (1) P-K4 to be so bad a move that White might as well resign there and then. It was the hypermodern way of rebuking old Tarrasch's old-fashioned dogma to occupy the centre with one's pawns. That, for the Hypermoderns, was sheer sacrilege and a suicidally clumsy way to perdition. A centre pawn was just a sitting target. What mattered was to control the centre, not occupy it. One of the greatest exponents of "Hypermodernism," in theory and practice, was Richard Reti who died just about 25 years ago. He would be only 65, if he were alive today, and he would be the first to admit that, while there was (and is) a good deal to be said for his theories we need not now be quite as hypermodern as all that. Here is a very old-fashioned game which Reti won because young Euwe failed to play the book-move (9) Kt x Kt.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(11)	B-Kt5	Q-B4!
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(12)	Q-Q8 ch	K-B2
(3)	B-B4	Kt-B3	(13)	Kt x Kt	P x Kt
(4)	P-Q4	P x P	(14)	QR-Q1	B-Q3!!
(5)	0-0	Kt x P	(15)	Q x R	Q x B
(6)	R-K1	P-Q4	(16)	P-KB4	Q-R5
(7)	B x P	Q x B	(17)	R x P	B-KR6!
(8)	Kt-B3	Q-QR4	(18)	Q x R	B-QB4 ch
(9)	Kt x P?	Kt x Kt	(19)	K-R1	B x P ch
(10)	Q x Kt	P-KB4	(20)	K x B	Q-Kt5 ch

Mate was now inevitable and Euwe resigned. Had he tried (16) Q x RP his Q would have been neatly trapped by the QB. Here—New York, 1924—is a famous game, very much on "hypermodern" lines.

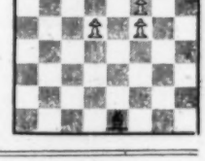
(1)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(14)	Kt x Kt	B x Kt
(2)	P-B4	P-K3	(15)	P-K4	P-K4
(3)	P-KKt3	P-Q4	(16)	P-B5	B-KB1
(4)	B-Kt2	B-Q3	(17)	Q-B2	P x QP
(5)	0-0	0-0	(18)	P x P	QR-Q1
(6)	P-Kt3	R-K1	(19)	B-R5	R-K4
(7)	B-Kt2	QKt-Q2	(20)	B x P	R x KBP
(8)	P-Q4	P-B3	(21)	R x R	B x R
(9)	QKt-Q2	Kt-K5	(22)	Q x B	R x B
(10)	Kt x Kt	P x Kt	(23)	R-KB1	R-Q1
(11)	Kt-K5	P-KB4	(24)	B-B7 ch	K-R1
(12)	P-B3	P x P	(25)	B-K8!!	resigns
(13)	B x P!?	Q-B2			

A: Richard Reti 1910

The 4-pointer is a celebrated *coup*, well known, I am sure, to the more erudite readers. But it should be instructive for beginners to see how White forced the mate in 3 moves. Since Reti was not merely a player with a grandmasterly tournament record but also one of the finest study composers of all times—one of the very few, or indeed the only one to combine both accomplishments on so lofty a level—the competition, too, can be entirely devoted to his memory. To pick **B**—a win—and **C**—a draw—was quite an *embarras de richesse*. They're well worth 6 and 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by Dec. 20.

B: Richard Reti 1922

C: Richard Reti 1927



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 268. Set November 20.

A: (1) Q-B6 ch, K-Kt1, (2) Q-Kt7 ch!, K x Q, (3) P-R6 ch.
B: (1) K-Kt8! B-K5, (2) P-Q6, P x P, (3) K-B7, P-Q4, (4) K-Q6! P-Q5, (5) K-K5, P-Q6, (6) K-Q4, P-Q7, (7) K-B3! etc.
C: (1) B-Kt7 ch, K x B, (2) K-Kt6, Kt-R1, (3) K-B6, P-K7, (4) P-Q7, P-K8 (B!!), (5) P-Q8 (Kt!), ch., etc.
If (4) . . . P queens, (5) P queens, Q-R5, ch, (6) K-Kt7! etc.

An easy lot, a large entry and many correct solutions. Prizes shared by H. Ainsworth, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. Kaye, C. J. Morse, M. Rumney.

ASSIAC

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HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters Restnt., White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakft.; dinner opt. Moderate.

HIGH-class Guest House, 10 mins. Marble Arch. Bed & bkfst. from £3. MAI. 1930.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All conts. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

ACCOMMODATION available Hostel Dec. 27 to Jan. 8. Mod. charges. Home comforts, children welc. Apply Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, London, N.W.8.

UPPER Berkeley St. Well-furn. bed-sitt. room with breakfast. WEL. 8996.

B/S. rm. N.4, well-furn. mod. flat, use k., b., tel. 37*s.* 6*d.* STA. 9173 evgs.

TO let furn., sgle. B/S rm., kit. & bathrm. £2 5*s.* p.w. LAD. 4389 aft. 6 p.m.

COMFORTABLE Residential Clubs, Hampstead (Hostels for students and young business people); T.V., etc.; partial board; sharing, from 47*s.* 6*d.* Application forms, Warden, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

ST. JOHN'S Wood, W.9. Situate on Main Road: Extra large and well-furnished room with use of Kitchen, Bathroom and garden. Central Heating. Rent 3*gns.* per week. Also: Adjacent to Hyde Park, Bayswater, W.2. Excellent unfurnished self-contained ground-floor flat and 2 W.C.s. Rent £56 per quarter inclusive. Constant Hot Water, fixtures and fittings at valuation £250. For further details please apply May & Co., 6 Fernhead Rd., London, W.9. LAD. 1151-2.

HIGHGATE, 3 mins. tube. Lux. sgle. divan-room. Fitted carpet, new contemporary furn. Concealed ckr. in rm., use k., b., garden, 'phone. £3 3*s.* MOU. 9610.

LGE. b.s. rm. Earl's Crt., ckg., tel. Linen, share bathrm. £2 10*s.* FRE. 4097.

SELF-Contained furn. suite comprising single divan-room and well-equipped kitchen (h. & c.) and ample storage space in warm sunny house close Kew Gardens stn. £3 wk. inc. serv., baths, light. RIC. 6793.

W.14 Bed-sit., quiet top flat, light ckg. facils., tel. Occas. alternative country accom. Reas. SHE. 6191 or Box 2993.

N.W.3, nr. Tube, fur. s/c. flat, 2 r., k., b. 6*gns.* long let. Sleep 3. PRI. 3560.

PUTNEY Common. In a large, warm house facing Common. Single and double divan-rooms. Well and comf. furn. Service. Linen. Full breakfast (optional). Cooking facils. for other light meals. Standing for car, etc. Ref. req. PUT. 0637 aft. 6 p.m.

PUTNEY, 2 single furnished divan-rooms to let separately, with own kitchen. Suitable 2 single men. PUT. 3395.

NR. Swiss Cott. Newly dec. dble. furn. rm. with terrace & kitchenette, h. & c., slow combustion & elec. stove. PRI. 4569.

HIGHGATE Wds. 2 rm. bach. flat; b/s., kit.-bath, well-furn. & equip. Use frig. 3*gns.* wk. Also 1-rm. flatlet (Jan.), c.h.w., 45*s.* Also nr. Highgate, lux. flat, b/s., sep. kit., bath, sup. equip., furn. Use frig. 75*s.* wk. or £5 (2 friends). MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

SMALL B/S in grad. household. Gd. k. & b. facs. 37*s.* 6*d.* p.w. WES. 4295.

ATTRACTIVE divan-rooms/kitchenettes. £2 to £2 10*s.* MOUntview 5438.

MODERN single furn. room, newly decorated, ckg. facils., tel., etc., W.1. Ring WEL. 3921, 9.30-5.30 weekdays.

LARGE conf. room in flat, c.h., use k., b., perm. h.w., to quiet person. PRI. 3745 Mon.-Fri. 8-8.30 a.m.

BACHELOR (orth.) offers to another accom. in modern block, next St. John's Wood Tube. Refs. PRI. 3106 or Box 2916.

BED-SIT., sunny mews flat nr. Marble Arch, suit bus. woman. PAD. 0504.

SERVICE Rooms Notting Hill Gate. All conv. Mod. terms. PAR. 8586/8296.

DORSET. Cerne Abbas. Furnished cottage to let, 6 months. Electricity, mains water, no main drainage. 3*gns.* weekly. Hull, 15 Clarendon Road, London, W.11.

TWO or three English business ladies require furnished flat. Own kitchen essential. Will share bathroom. 30 mins. Tube West End. FRB. 5790/FRE. 9748.

MUSICIAN (f.) shs. congenial pt.-furn. acc., conv. Central London. Box 2786.

GRADUATE couple, expecting baby, require unfurn./part-furn. accom., North side of London, reas. central. Box 2955.

UNFURNISHED or partly-furnished flat wanted urgently. 2 rooms, k. & b. No premium. Accessible Victoria. Box 2761.

PIANIST accompanist m. reqs. fur. accom. for self & piano. Central. TUD. 9335.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

YOUNG business woman (30) with schoolgirl daughter desperately requires accommodation, or would consider finding and sharing flat with another in similar position or residential job where secretarial experience could be utilised. Box 2953.

ENGLISH business lady, quiet tenant, urgently reqs. furn. accom. Own separate kitchenette essent. Any district. 20 mins. Tube West End. FRE. 5790/FRE. 9748.

EDITOR (bachelor) reqs. self-ctd. furn. flat with at least one large room, cooking facil., tel. Quiet. Box 2991.

FLAT, pref. unfurn., wanted by 2 young professional women. Box 2987.

RETURNING to England Dec. 21, couple with 16 months good baby require 2 or 3 furn./partly-furn. rooms one of which should be light. Kitchen bath/use of bath. Own linen, china, silver, blankets. Power plug. Telephone appreciated. Mod. rent please. Box 2693.

BACHELOR scientist seeks furn. accom. in Central London. Box 2835.

WANTED by young surgeon about to marry, small unfurnished flat handy for Central London. Box 2911.

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SCHOOLMASTER requires room in London for Christmas vacation. Moderate. Prepared to coach. Box 2842.

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JUST north of Sussex Downs at West Chiltington, modern thatched cottage, "Heathbank," living-room with dining alcove, kitchen, bathroom, 3 bedrooms, delightful, easily maintained, flowering shrub garden in front, small priv. wood behind; together with specially built beach hut (changing room at rear) some 10 miles away on private beach at Rustington. £3,350 (photo avail.). MOU. 6687.

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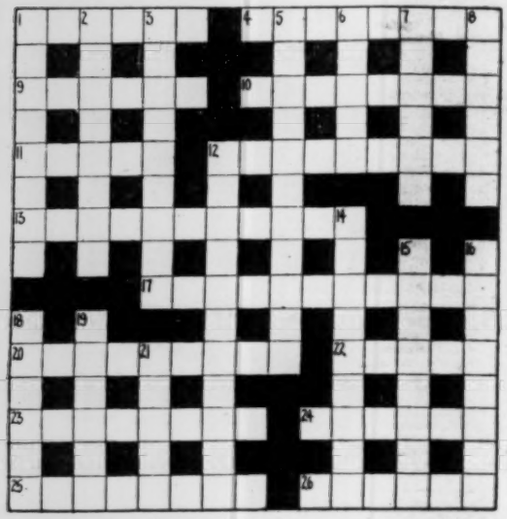
Week-end Crossword No. 130

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 130, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 21.



ACROSS

1. Frolics are not noisy rows (6).
4. Films for us backward things (8).
9. Copper athlete (6).
10. Provide gratuities for the officer (8).
11. In glamour love apparently makes no progress (5).
12. Verses encountered among those who make the effort (9).
13. Without corporal punishment they would still be criminals (11).
17. It sounds both neat and mixed, but altogether sobering (11).
20. Window bar and chains not broken (9).
22. Yes the railway goes a little beyond this river (5).
23. Fate has something missing from his scales (8).
24. Blow on the ticket (6).
25. Have a bite with the newspapermen and stop the circulation (8).
26. There is a second setback about a penny for these measures (6).

DOWN

1. The backcloth might inevitably (8).
2. Two small coins for an Asiatic (8).
3. Gives punishment—for a disorder Luke's about to heal (9).
5. A certain result if I am in the long-distance climbing race. (11).
6. Fitzgerald called it the feminine of genius (5).
7. Ranged with the communist, including the overturned leader (6).
8. "And if these poor limbs die, ——— of all" (Brooke) (6).
12. You might see a girl lie amid these flowers (11).
14. In the game a supporter shows a way to attack (9).
15. Civil Defence papers torn up and thrown away (8).
16. The remnants of queer people up the street (8).
18. Put something in the plate as an afterthought in the hymns (6).
19. The one responsible for international insanity? (6).
21. Applaud the entertainment (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 128

T	A	F	F	R	A	I	L		S	C	O	T	C	H
O		R	E		N		F	L		W		O		
F	L	A	G	S		V	I	O	L	A	T	I	O	N
F		N		I	E		R		M		S		O	
E	C	C	E	N	T	R	I	C		O	T	T	E	R
E		H		S		E		U				A		
	T	I	P	P	L	E		S	A	R	A	C	E	N
S		S	L				E		A		D			
C	H	E	R	U	B	S		M	O	D	E	R	N	
A			T		A		I			T		O		
L	E	N	T	O		M	A	S	S	A	C	R	E	S
L		O	N		I		T		S		I		P	
O	U	T	F	I	T	T	E	R		C	I	D	E	R
P		C	U	E		A		O		G		E		
S	C	H	E	M	E		F	L	A	T	T	E	R	Y

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 128

H. Parkinson (Singapore), Miss Judith Rose (Wye), Mrs. D. Keefe (Bristol).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Design at the School of Home Science. Salary £1,092 8s. × £50 – £1,292 8s. per annum. Applicants should hold one of the following qualifications: (a) Degree or Diploma of Fine Arts from a University or recognised School or College of Art; (b) special qualifications in Design. Qualifications in Interior Design would be an advantage. The object of the course which is an integral part of the University course in Home Science is to develop an appreciation of design as it applies to the planning and furnishing of a home. The course includes: Experience in a minimum of two crafts; Houseplanning; Home Furnishing; History of Furniture and Art Appreciation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in London and New Zealand on January 31, 1955.

BRITISH Medical Association. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Assistant to the Public Relations Officer. Applicants should be graduates of a British University. Although direct public relations experience is not important, since training will be given, some staff experience in a newspaper office would be of value. The essential qualifications for the post are common sense and judgment in dealing with people and affairs. In the first instance the appointment will be for six months on a probationary basis. The salary will be between £1,000 and £1,500, depending on experience. The Association's Superannuation Scheme will apply on substantive appointment, which will be subject to six months' notice on either side. Applicants should send full particulars of qualifications, experience, age, etc., together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, to: The Secretary, British Medical Association, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, not later than December 17. Envelopes should be marked "Public Relations Dept.—Senior Assistant."

NATIONAL Hospital Service Reserve. Applications invited from men and women for appointment as Regional Co-ordinating Officer for National Hospital Service Reserve. Duties will be primarily to stimulate and consolidate local recruitment to Reserve throughout the Region. A nursing qualification is not essential; energy, initiative and tact are. Appointment will be temporary and, in first instance, part-time. Salary will be proportionate to whole-time scale of £735 × £25(5) – £860 plus London Weighting of £20 – £40. Details of education, experience, etc., with names of two referees to Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a Portland Place, W.1 by Dec. 20.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, York, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

SENIOR Development Engineer. A vacancy has arisen on the senior staff of a large electrical manufacturing organisation for a Senior Development Engineer. This appointment carries responsibility for a variety of projects, from the design to the production stage and a commensurate salary is offered. The minimum academic qualifications required are Higher National Certificate or a degree in electrical engineering, together with experience in the design of A.C. and D.C. machinery and a wide knowledge of electro-mechanical devices. Applications, which will be treated in confidence, should give age, qualifications and experience and should be addressed to Ref. No. EL.8, Box 2610.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Child Psychotherapist reqd. at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre, Middx. Salary scale (men) £915 × £25 – £1,115; (women) £815 × £20 – £965. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent recognised training and/or exper. in therapy; membership of Assoc. of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from undersigned, returnable by December 17 (quote P 577 "N. Stm."). Canvassing disqualifies. C. E. Gurr, Secretary to the Education Committee, 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Deputy Children's Officer. Applications are invited for this post from candidates having the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a University Degree, Diploma or Certificate in Social Science, with appropriate experience in a Children's Department, particularly the supervision of Children's Homes and Nurseries. Ability to drive a car essential. Salary scale £705 × £30 to £825 p.a. N.J.C. service conditions, superannuation provisions and medical examination applicable. Application form and particulars of appointment available fr. undersigned. Closing date Dec. 31, 1954. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council.

CHILDREN'S Service—Deputy Superintendent (temp. in first instance) reqd. at "Beechholme," 1 Fir Tree Road, Banstead, Surrey (grouped cottage-type home), accom. 464 deprived children 2-15 years. Applicants should have sound experience of the admin. of res. estabs. for children and must be in full accord with modern concepts of child care. Recog. trng. (e.g., H.O. Res. Child Care Cert.) an advantage. Salary: £612 p.a. × £25 10s.—£739 10s. less £94 p.a. for board, lodging, etc., 6 weeks' incl. annual leave. Details and applic. form (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/1469), London County Council, County Hall, S.E.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified men and women for appointment as Social Worker to the Birmingham Public Health Department Psychiatric Social Service at a salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade III (£550 × £15 – £595 per annum). The work involves intensive case work with families in difficulties and/or individuals with mental health problems. The person appointed would specialise according to aptitude and experience. Minimum qualification Social Science Degree/Diploma and/or Mental Health Certificate. Experience in the field would be an advantage. Applications giving full details of age, experience and qualifications to be sent to the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham, 3, not later than December 18, 1954.

SCIENCE Master, also Housemother reqd., pioneer school pay, no testimonials. A. S. Neill, Summerhill, Leiston, Suffolk.

BBC. requires Talks Producer in Sound Broadcasting for talks and discussions on cultural and topical subjects. Candidates should have outstanding intellectual ability with education to university level. Subsequent experience in professional field, e.g. legal, literary, sociological, etc., useful, combined with lively interest in broadcasting. Versatility and wide range of interests may be deciding factors. Salary £870 or £1,085 rising by 3 annual increments to maxima £1,175 or £1,465 respectively according to qualifications. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "494 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. within 5 days.

DEVELOPMENT Engineer. Owing to the expansion in the laboratory staff of a large electrical manufacturing organisation, vacancies have arisen for Development Engineers with experience in the Design of either A.C. and D.C. machines or with a wide knowledge of electro-mechanical devices. The minimum academic qualification required is Higher National Certificate or a degree in electrical engineering. Applications, which will be treated in confidence, should give age, qualifications and experience and should be addressed to Ref. No. EL.7, stating salary required. Box 2611.

KEIGHLEY Girls' County Grammar School (640 pupils). Required in January, 1955, Temporary Assistant Mistress for one or two terms to share the teaching of Physical Education throughout the school. The school is a modern building with good playing fields. Apply with full particulars of qualifications and experience, and copies of testimonials, to the Headmistress at the school.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Trained and/or exper'd. Full-time Leader (male or female) reqd. at Staines Youth Club. Membership (mixed) 120. Salary Misc. III (£425-£490 p.a. if 26 yrs. or over). Established subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Application forms and particulars (stmpd. add. f'cap. env.) from Divisional Education Officer, Education Office, Kenilworth Rd., Ashford, Middx., returnable by December 17. (Quote P 519, N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Part-time Lay Psychotherapist rqd. at Tottenham Child Guidance Centre. Honours degree in psychology or equivalent; recognised training and/or exper. in therapy; membership of Assoc. of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Minimum of 4 3 hour sessions per wk. 31s. 6d. per session, prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1 returnable by December 24 (quote P.611 N.S. N). Canvassing disqualifies.

HISTORY, Geography and French: January vacancy. Any man or woman capable of helping small groups of children between 8 and 18 years of age to study thoroughly without authoritarian pressure, and at the same time genuinely interested in becoming an active resident member of the staff of a "progressive" co-educational school is invited to write fully to John Wood, New Sherwood School, Epsom, Surrey, or to 'phone Epsom 9619.

CASE Work among women prisoners: fully trained, experienced worker wanted for experiment one or two years by Holloway D.P.A. Write fully to Margery Fry, 43 Clarendon Road, W.11.

CHILDREN'S Service. Res. Deputy Warden (woman) req'd., 30, Abercorn Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.8 (after-care hostel accom. 21 girls, 15-18 yrs). Real interest in adolescent girls and ability to control them, domestic experience and ability to organise elementary housecraft instruction essential. Youth club and/or Social Science Diploma (or equivalent) an advantage. Salary: £459 × £12 15s. – £522 15s. less £94 0s 8d. for board, etc. Single accom. only. Applic. form and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A.2/1481), London County Council, County Hall, S.E.1.

VACANCY for qualified and experienced Family Caseworker, salary £450-£550. Application, giving full details and testimonials, to General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society Inc., 34 Stanley St., Liverpool, 1.

Y.M.C.A. Vacancies—Men between 21 and 30 as Assistant Secretaries and as General Secretaries. First essentials: sense of Christian vocation, good education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to Personnel Sec., National Council of Y.M.C.As, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

CARLTON C.L.P. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms are obtainable from Mr. G. Cornes, 51 Pateley Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham, and should be returned to him not later than December 31, 1954.

ANIMAL Protection Society requires educated, intelligent young man or woman able to write and lecture. Preference for university graduate and ability to drive car. Starting salary £500 p.a. Box 2787.

RES. Matron (30/40) reqd. Hostels Disabled Women Workers. Nursing experience. Apply Sec., 10 Love Walk, S.E.5.

BURGESS Hill Coeducational School, new Headmaster James Cunningham East, requires: Part-time Maths. or full-time Maths. and Science teacher to advanced G.C.E. standard. Also Junior teacher for group 7 to 8 years old. 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

MERTON and Morden Guild of Social Service requires Caseworker, 30-40. Exp. interviewing, visiting, case records. Pref. with car. 5-day week. £300 plus car allowance. Write fully Box 2890.

YOUNG superior tutor, first-class references, for intelligent eleven-year-old boy, free to travel. Only cultured personalities; living-out position. Top salary. Apply Box OFA. 2585 CH. Orell Füssli-Annonces, Zurich (Switzerland).

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Mothers wanted to help—whole or part-time—with interviewing for a study in S.E. London of the social aspects of home and hospital confinements. Apply, giving details of previous experience, to the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, W.C.2.

THE North Kensington Marriage Welfare Centre will be requiring an intelligent married woman assistant for office work in the New Year. Typing and knowledge of shorthand essential. Salary £7 for a 42½-hour week to include one evening but no Saturday work. Write to the Secretary, 42, Telford Rd., W.10, stating qualifications and exp.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED. Experienced secretary for small progressive office near Holborn (no accounts). Proficiency in sh./typing/duplicating. Good working conditions and holidays (no Sats.), 9-5. £8 p.w. Box 2957.

SECRETARY working own initiative Shtnd. Correspondent, to take charge. Closed Jewish holidays. Good Prospects. Convex, 41 Brecknock Road, N.7.

FIRST-class shorthand-typist required. German essential, preferably also with French. Apply in writing, Lemitwood, Ltd., Stevenage Wharves, Stevenage Rd., London, S.W.6.

RESIDENT Secretary Companion, careful driver, reqd. by lady (widow) magistrate and author. House overlooking Heath. Pleasant garden. Hampstead area. Box 2440.

EDITORIAL Secretary wanted. High shorthand and typing speeds essential. Please apply in writing Jewish Observer and Middle East Review, 129 Salisbury Square House, Fleet St., E.C.4.

YOUNG married woman required shorthand-typist, interesting confidential work, starting £338.—Family Discussion Bureau, 4 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 7045.

SHORTHAND-Typist wanted by educational organisation. 5-day week, 9.30-5.30. Aged 20-30. Experience essential. Apply Town & Country Planning Association, 28 King Street, W.C.2.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

COPY and Shorthand Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

SHORTHAND-Typist, 5-day week. The Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG Man 25, Cambridge B.A., Oxford Dip. Ed., Army Commission, fluent German, some business exper., at present frustrated, sks. interesting post London. Almost anything considered. Box 2973.

SOLICITOR (28) in sole practice 3 yrs. sks. London appointment with prospects. Min. commencing salary £750 p.a. Box 2849.

CHARTERED accountant seeks post with charity or voluntary social service, from vocational rather than ambitious motives; 29, at present tax specialist with leading professional firm; some French and Italian. BM/Estoppel, W.C.1.

SPANISH-speaking copy-typist/receptionist, knowledge French, desires post. Write: Miss West, 101 Elgin Crescent, W.11.

WOMAN officer Government service, linguist, social science, seeks interesting post, home or abroad. Box 2912.

LADY secretary requires residential, country post. Experienced sh./typist, book-keeping, car driver. Knowledge of riding, animals, gardening. Box 2788.

YOUNG woman, well-educated, seeks employment 20 hours weekly, commercial or literary. Own machine. Box 2775.

SHORTHAND-Typist requires work at home. Own machine. Tel. PER. 0347.

KINDERGARTEN Teacher, German qualification, wants five-day employment, nursery school or home, where sociable daughter of 3½ welcome. Box 2774.

ENGLISH Graduate (f.) commercial exp., fluent German, some French, seeks work 9-3, W./N.W. London, Middx. Box 2873.

WOMAN graduate, good secretarial experience, knowledge French & German, seeks employment 4 evenings per week and/or weekends. Box 2968.

TWO young women ex-teachers (A.T.D.) seek interesting work. Expd. office, shop, interior decoration. Box 2839.

CAPABLE secretary/sh./typ. seeks interesting post. Used to responsibility. French, initiative. Would travel. Box 2964.

SECRETARY sks. pt./full-time job. Bk.-kpg., Sh./typg., Languages. Box 2962.

EFFICIENT secretary (lady) used to working on own initiative, expd. in all branches secretarial duties, holds wide & varied interests. Sks. opportunity of employment abroad. Anywhere consid. Box 2585.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Duniaven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

REPORTER/Secretary free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"PARENTS Only." By Nicholas Gillett. "A cheap, sensible, simply-written series of letters about the bringing up of children age by age to be read over a period of eleven years," said "Tribune." 120 pages 3s. 9d., post free, from the Inland Press, 15 New Row, London, W.C.2.

IS Mr. Butler's "Prosperity" as sound an election plank as the Tory Party hopes? Read Frederick Cape's article in the Labour Monthly. 1s. 6d. all agents. Postal subscription 9s. the half-year from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

READERS of "The New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." This Journal with Editors in 23 countries discusses at a sober, scientific and yet intelligible level the various problems of sex referring to human relations in the field of social, marital and personal life. It is run on non-profit basis. Subscription £1 2s. p.a., post free (4 issues); single copy 6s. post free from British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Dept. IJS, Napier House, 24/7 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

"POEMS and Pictures," American, contemporary, will please you. First issue now—your bookseller or 2s. 2d. post free (21s. sub. for 12 issues) from Kenneth Lindsay, 193 Oakleigh Rd., London, N.20.

ROBERT Graves, Fred Hoyle and Kathleen Nott write in December "Literary Guide," now on sale, 1s. Specimen copy from Dept. X, 12 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

BRITISH Lawyers in U.S.S.R. S.C.R. Legal Bulletin, Vol. 1, No. 2, 1s. 6d. (post, etc., 3d.). From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

"EASTERN World," British monthly on Asia. Now available on bookstalls, 2s. or from 45 Dorset St., London, W.1.

HAVE you read "Preface to Film," by Raymond Williams and Michael Orrom? Lively and intelligent writing on the dramatic background to the cinema and the methods at present used, ". . . the authors put up a strong and interesting case for a fresh approach to the whole question of story construction and treatment." (Times Lit. Sup.) Film Drama, Ltd., 35 Gt. Pulteney St., W.1. Distributed by Simpkin Marshall, 8s. 6d.

GET past the End of your Nose with Dr. C. V. Pink in the Autumn "The Farmer." The tip of the nose is the limit of your vision about food and health unless you feed quarterly on the "Wholefood" in this original journal. Don't die of mental starvation. It costs only 1s. 6d. a quarter to feast on "The Farmer" (incorporating "Wholefood" and including "The Gardener"). Edited by Newman Turner, from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset. 1s. 6d. a copy, 6s. 6d. a year.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

"GOD'S Country and Mine": extract from forthcoming Gollancz book in current "Shavian." Also "Shaw and the Actors," etc. 2s. 6d. post free (or by membership). 45 Steeplestone Cl., London, N.18.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

RARE, out of print books obtd. Staunton, Church Hill, Ringmore, Shaldon, Devon.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess. Lists, A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Road, Tolworth, Surrey.

BOOKS. First and Limited Editions, Occultism, Psychology, Miscellaneous, Amanda Ros, &c. List from Mercer, 15 Speer Rd., Thames Ditton, Surrey.

RARE Books searched for, new and old books by mail order. John Lyle, 31 Spring St., London, W.2.

GREEK books sought! Up to 6 copies of each of the following wanted: Greek Unseens (Junior) and Greek Unseens (Senior) both Hillard & Botting. Write W. P. McKechnie, 12 Twyning Rd., Birmingham, 16.

FOR new and old books on Economics, Politics, Sociology, History, etc., consult Frank Cass (Books), Ltd., 91 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. LAN. 6417. We buy Books. Lists issued.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

KEESING'S Contemporary Archives, set 1946-54 for sale. No reasonable offer refused. Box 2602.

CATALOGUE of Interesting Books on India, Occult Sciences and all other subjects available free from Taraporevala's Treasure House of Books, 210 Hornby Road, Bombay, India.

WE buy libraries, specialised or general; Penguins, book clubs, review copies; collections socialist books and pamphlets. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All b'rooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 2516.

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SNOWDONIA. Inexpensive mountain holidays. Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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CHRISTMAS at Higham House (Vegetarian Health Centre): a special festive programme has been arranged for guests visiting this lovely country house situated in 20 acres. Write for brochure and Christmas terms: Higham House, Salehurst, nr. Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel: Robertsbridge 126.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w., 60 acres. Fr. 4½gns. wk. Rushlake Green 321.

CHRISTMAS and New Year. Old Norton House, the Green, Rottingdean (seaside village along the cliffs from Brighton) will be open again after re-decorations. One or two vacancies for the Xmas house-party. Special terms for the New Year week-end (Fri. to Sun.). Central heating in all rooms and informal atmosphere. Tel. 3120. Proprietor: Donald Chapman, M.P.

WELCOMBE Hotel, Stratford-upon-Avon. An elegant hotel with 40 acres of grounds which once belonged to Shakespeare. An ideal centre while exploring the romantic Warwickshire countryside. Dancing every Saturday evening during the Winter. Telephone: Stratford-upon-Avon 3611.

OLD Plaw Hatch, near East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of the Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

A QUIET stay or weekend with the comfort and hospitality of an English country house. The ideal setting for Christmas. Overlooking historic castle. 1½ hrs. Charing Cross. Justins, Bodiam, Sussex. Tel. Staplecross 228.

BEXHILL. Join our Xmas party. Country house near sea. Family atmosphere. Own produce/poultry. Terms mod. Details: The Thorne, Ninfield Rd., Bexhill. (Ninfield 212.)

A COTTAGE to Yourselves. During the winter you can enjoy the privacy of your own centrally-heated cottage with sitting room, bathroom and toilet, plus all amenities and meals of the Farringford Hotel from 8gns. each per week. Details from the Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.o.W. Ph. 312.

MAJORCA. English hôtelier welcomes guests in his villa, Nov.-May, 3½gns. weekly. Casa Mascaró, Cenova, Palma.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

TANKERTON-on-Sea. Enjoy a Happy Xmas at Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Excellent food. Comf. bedrooms and lounges. Warm. Cen. Htg. Secluded in large grounds. Mod. charges. Whitstable 3243.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Coeducation 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural education for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

PINEWOOD, The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter (Hele 390), for children 4 to 11, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel, Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

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ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

SIDCOT School, Winscombe, Somerset. Co-educational boarding school under Quaker management. One Entrance Scholarship, £50 per annum, open to boys age 11 to 13½ on December 1, 1955, for entry September, 1955. Awarded on examination to be held in March. Full details from Headmaster.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

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CVS-103

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Wed. & Fri., 2. "The Chimes," Dickens.

EMBASSY. PRI. 2211. The World of Sholom Aleichem. Opens Jan. 11, 1955.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). Last 2 days 5.0 & 8.0. "Never Get Out." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Montserrat." Fris., Sats., Suns., 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30, "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. inclds. Guest Ticket.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Mary Watson and Robert Rietty in rehearsed reading of "The Rules of the Game" by Pirandello. Sun., Dec. 12, 8 p.m.

ASIAN Music Circle—Music of Indonesia. Dances & Sound Films on Sat., Dec. 18, 8 p.m., by kind permission of H.E. Indonesian Ambassador, at Indonesian Embassy, 38, Grosvenor Sq., W.1. Admission: Mems. 1s. 6d., Guests 2s. 6d. Ann. Gen. Meeting of Members 7-8 p.m. Full progr. in New Year of Indian-Pakistani, Israeli, Ceylonese, Persian, etc., Music. Further information from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. The Marius Trilogy. Until Dec. 12: Part 2. Raimu in "Fanny" (A). From Dec. 13: Part 3. Raimu in "César" (A).

NATIONAL Film Th., South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 11. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Rochester: "Cabin in the Sky" A. Dir. V. Minnelli. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520, Sun., Dec. 12, 7.30; "Awara" (Cert. A) Indian.

SCALA Theatre. 7.30, Sun., Dec. 12. Soviet Film Premières: The Team from our Street, delightful comedy about a boys' football team. Delegations of Friendship, showing foreign delegates at Volga-Don Canal and Black Sea. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from Educ. Cttee., Brit. Soviet F'ship Soc., 36 Spencer St. E.C.1.

INDIA Film Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2. Presents outstanding film "Ratnadeep" in Hindi at Scala Theatre, Dec. 15, 7.30. Synopsis provided. Membership 10s. yrly.

COME & Enjoy Yourselves at the Central London Fabian Society Christmas Party & Dance at 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1, Sat., Dec. 18, 7.30-11.30. Admission 3s. 6d.

I.C.A. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones. Sat., Dec. 11, 8-11, Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s. Membership invited.

DANCE. New Year, Jan. 1. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C. 7.30-11. Personalities Diplomatic Corps, Mayor. Multiracial. 10s. dble., 6s. sgle. Social Relations Committee of African National & Cultural Bureau.

CONCERTS

18th-Century Music by Vivaldi, Scarlatti, Telemann, Stamitz & Bach. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Rm., Sat., Dec. 11, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tuesday, Dec. 14, 8.15 Concert: Elizabethan Singers, Conductor, Louis Halsey, Julian Bream, guitar. Programme: Choral dances from "Gloriana," Britten, Two pieces from "Vier Stucke fur Gemischlen Chor" Op. 27, Schoenberg (first perf.), Three Part Songs, Kodaly. Works for guitar by Stephen Dodgson, Villa Lobos, De Falla. Tickets must be booked in advance from Music Secretary, GRO. 2569. Members free, guests 5s.

MORLEY College Choir, conductor Racine Fricker, London Cantata Ensemble (inc. Ilse Wolf, soprano) directed by Anthony Milner, All Souls, Langham Place, W.1, Tues., Dec. 14, 8 p.m. Works by Taverner, Purcell, Naylor, Fricker (1st perf.), Gibbons. Ent. by programme 3s. at door or in advance from Hon. Sec., M.C. Concerts Soc., 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

MORLEY College, S.E.1, Dec. 22, 1954, at 8 p.m. Peter Pears, Purcell Singers, cond. Imogen Holst. First perfs. songs by Wilfred Mellors, Robin Orr. Madrigals by Isaak, Josquin, Gabrieli. Holst canons. Britten "Gloriana" dances. Tickets 5s. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

DUTCH Graphic Art. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till Jan. 15. Closed Dec. 25-27 incl. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sat. 10s, Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LE Club Contemporain, 5, Whitehorse St., W.1, presents an Exhibition of Ceramics and Water Colours by François Miro daily from 1 p.m. until 7 p.m. from December 12-31. Non-members welcome. GRO. 1804.

EXHIBITION of Modern Silver. (Organised by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.) Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent St., S.W.1. 10.30-6.30 daily except Suns. until December 18. Admission free.

I.A.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Christmas exhibition. Small pictures, Prints, Crafts & Christmas Cards. Also Picture Lending Library. Open 10-6, inc. Sats.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum Exhibitions, at new address, 183 Euston Rd., N.W.1: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth; The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. free

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED for Christmas, Bellini's "The Madonna of the Meadow," from National Gallery, ready now, £3 plus tax 14s. 3d.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With," Granada Theatre, Tooting, until December 19. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. "Plaisirs de l'Epoque 1900," Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes January 1.

G. F. WATTS. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 16 (closed Dec. 24 & 25), weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6 (open Boxing Day 2-6). Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. From Dec. 14: Exhibition of French and English Lithographs. Daily 10.30-6. Sat. until 5. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Watercolours by Singier; Etchings by Chagall; Pottery by James Tower.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Le Corbusier, Water-colours. Molly Moss, Christine Risley, Diana Balfour of Inchrye, Pauline Spender. Till Dec. 30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Lithographs by the Senefelder Club. Wenis Wirth-Miller "Studies of a Dog in Movement" paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Tomas Harris. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Small Pictures by English and French Artists.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Recent drawings by Andre Minaux. Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sat. 10-12.30 p.m.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions IX: paintings by Gainsborough, Bonington, Corot, Degas, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso. Dly. 9.30-6, Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1954. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Kyffin Williams, the British School at Rome 1953-1954, and Henry Trivick. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ANCIENT Bronzes from Sardinia. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Dec. 22. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Picasso Pottery & original Artists' prints & lithographs.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Fernand Leger Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture. 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

RENEL Gallery, Burlington Arcade, W.1. Recent Paintings by Manuel Benaim. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Business and Professional Forum. A discussion on: "Are Comics a Menace to our Children?" Speakers, Maurice Orbach, M.P., Arthur Brittenden ("News Chronicle"), Dr. Simon Yudkin (Secretary of The Comics Campaign Council). On Thursday, December 16, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Wed., Dec. 15 at 7.45 p.m., at Institut Francais, Queensberry Place, S.W.7, Film Programme: including "Panta Rhei," "Gaston et Martin," and "Spiel der Spiralen." Tickets must be booked in advance from I.C.A., GRO. 2569. Money not later than first post 15th or tickets will be invalid. Members 3s. 6d., Guests 5s. Thurs., Dec. 16, 8.15 p.m. Seminar: Books and the Modern Movement VI. Reyner Banham on "Vision and Design," by Roger Fry. (Last in Series.) Members 2s. 6d., Guests 3s. 6d.

"SOVIET Medicine, Current Trends," A. Ruscoe Clarke, M.B.E., F.R.C.S. Chair.: E. G. Braithwaite, M.A., LL.B. (both visited U.S.S.R. Sept. 1954). Fri., Dec. 10, 8.15 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.).

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Friday, Dec. 10, 8 p.m. Prof. Carr, "Continuity of Russian History." Mon., Dec. 13, 8 p.m. Special Recital of Russian Songs by Oda Slobodskaya. Fri., Dec. 17, 8 p.m. Mr. Adamovitch: "Alexander Blok." Club open to non-members.

SCHOPENHAUER Society. Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thursday, Dec. 16: "The Nature of Perception." Admission free.

LEONARD Brown on "Graham Greene" at Hampstead Ethical Society, 39 Priory Road, nr. Quex Road, Kilburn (Buses 28, 31), Sat., Dec. 11 at 2.45.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m., Dec. 12. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "Digging up the Truth." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m Adm. 1s. 6d

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNION Society of London: Joint debate with Oxford Union Society: "That the growing influence of the U.S.A. is a threat to the British way of life." Common Room, Gray's Inn, Wednesday, Dec. 15, 8 p.m.

LONDON I.L.P. Forum. Sunday, Dec. 12. F. A. Ridley will open on "The Problem of Germany." Montague Hotel, Montague St., W.C.1. (nr. Russell Sq.) 7.30 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Dec. 15, 7.30. W. T. Rodgers (Secretary, Fabian Society): "Equality." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Open Discussion" Informal social meeting, Dec. 16, at 7.30 p.m., at Broadhurst Hall, 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Refreshments. Non-members 2s.

CENTRAL Jewish Literary Group presents "An Actor's Life is Fun?!" Behind the footlights with well-known actor Gerald Blake. Wed., Dec. 15. Folman's Restaurant, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1, at 8 p.m. Visitors welcome. Refreshments.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Dr. Emanuel Miller on "The Influence of Psychology on 20th Century Literature," Horse Shoe Hotel, next Dominion Theatre, W.1. Sun., Dec. 12, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Lectures at Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. Sun., Dec. 12, 7 p.m., "The Illusion of Peace." Dec. 19, "Does Russia Want Peace?" Adm. free.

JAMES C. Thomson, Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, on "Rheumatism," Wed., Dec. 15, 7.30, 207 Bath St., Glasgow. 1s. 6d.

SOVIET Literature 1934-54. Eleanor Fox. Mon., Dec. 13, 7 p.m., 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Adm. free. Arranged by S.C.R. & Collet's Bookshop.

"BAAL Shem-Tob—18th Century Founder of Chassidism"—Lecture by Abram Spiro, M.A., Ph.D. (Tutor in Jewish Studies, Liberal Jewish Synagogue), Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3.30 p.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Annexe), 28, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays, at 7 p.m., Dec. 14. Royston Pike, "The Faith of an Agnostic." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Dec. 10. Miss Yvonne Watts, "Food and People." Friday, Dec. 17. Major G. Adcock, "The Evolution of Sex." Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. December 18, at 6 p.m. Christmas carols of many countries.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb Labour Party—Brains Trust. S. S. Allen, M.P., Rt. Hon. P. Gordon Walker, M.P., Fred Willey, M.P., Henrietta Barnett Junior School, Bigwood Rd., N.W.11. Fri., Dec. 17, 8. 1s.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. December 12: "What Happens at Death?"

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays, 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for December 14: "The Tranquil Mind." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

HECTOR Hawton: "The Problem of Evil." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., December 12, at 7 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Dec. 15, 6.30 p.m., Show of Films of Buddhist East. Tickets 2s. 6d. ea. to defray cost. Acc. limited: book now.

ANGLO-German Association: Mr. F. L. Carsten on "The Role of Prussia in the first half of the 19th Century." Thursday, Dec. 16, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 6.30.

"VEDIC Culture and Internationalism," Dr. Motilal Das speaks on Dec. 17, 7 p.m.; "Mysticism and Yoga," Pt. U. B. Arya on Dec. 18, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, the series of lectures starts by Arya Samaj.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"FOREIGN Policy in a Changing World," Fabian New Year School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, December 31-January 2. Geoffrey de Freitas, Hugh Gaitskell, T. E. M. McKitterick, Michael Stewart. Details: 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

SHORT Courses—Urchfont Manor. Weekends: Dec. 30-Jan. 2. "Writing for Radio." A comparison of the broadcast medium with other forms of communication, examination of techniques and practical work. Jan. 14-16. "Geology in Mid-Wiltshire." Field work and lectures, including the influence of geology on vegetation and settlement. Jan. 28-30. "Birdwatching." Field work and lectures when birds are visible in the leafless countryside. Feb. 11-13. "The Poetry of Dylan Thomas." A study of the poet's later work and his broadcast technique in particular. Spring Programme available from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d.. Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

CENTRAL Training Council in Child Care. University Courses in Child Care. Courses of training lasting twelve months for work in boarding out, adoption, and the supervision of children in the care of local authorities and voluntary organisations, are held annually at Birmingham and Liverpool Universities and the London School of Economics, leading to the award of the Council's Certificate in Child Care. Applications for the courses which start in October, 1955, are invited from men and women aged 21 to 45, and should reach The Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office (24.L.), Horseferry House, Thorney Street, S.W.1, by March 1, 1955. Applicants should be graduates with suitable experience, or have a social science, teaching, or health visiting qualification. Those who apply early are more likely to be recommended for vacancies in the University of their choice. Grants are available where need is shown. Further details from Secretary.

THE Ariel School of Dance & Drama. Under direction of Leslie French. 2 year Acting Course. 3 year Teaching Course. Prospectus from Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place, London, N.1.

HEATHERLEY Art School. Founded 1945. Sound vocational training. Full/part-time. 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.

RELIGION and the Modern World: Jan. 7 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also Jan. 21 "Musical Activity for the Infant Class."

YOUTH Leadership Training, covering Theory and Practice for men and women. Co-operative Society members admitted free. Course extends March to June, 1955, followed by part-time appointments to Children's Groups and Youth Clubs being opened in following autumn. Enrolments by January 10, 1955. Interviews February. Full explanatory leaflet from Education Department, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., Penge, S.E.20.

SPEECH and memory training for the use of Public speakers, teachers, students, and all who wish to improve their speech. If it is your desire to cultivate a voice that is resonant, melodious and fluent write today, enclosing 2½d. stamp (6d. abroad) for particulars to The Kelvin Correspondence School, Kelvin House, Evington Drive, Leicester.

B.Sc. Econ. London University. Courses of Study for this and various other London Univ. Degrees and Diplomas are provided by University Correspondence College, founded 1887. Low fees; instalments. Prosp. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

SHORTHAND-typewriting 6 months' part-time course and 3 months' refresher course begin January, North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc. Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

EVENING Classes: drawing and painting in spacious studio at the Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden St., Kensington, W.8. (PARk 4711.) Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc., Thursdays 7.30-9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Students may join at any time. New term begins January 11.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LEARN A Language the easy Assimil way. In three months you can learn a new language. Assimil is a vital method that teaches you, in your own home, languages as they are spoken—without the drudgery of learning by heart. Assimil books and records, alone or preferably a combination of both, bring you a thoroughly practical and satisfying means of home study. Courses in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian, English. Easy terms. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS59, 10 Pembridge Sq., London, W.2.

RUSSIAN and German taught by experienced teacher Kensington area. Box 2884.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

THE School of Self-Management where you can learn to overcome bad habits of posture, movement and tension. In addition to private lessons there are special classes for housewives, pregnant women, children, and special groups by arrangement, as well as a Training Course for Teachers of the method. Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Tel. PARk 7222.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

SPANISH Evening Classes. From January 17. All grades. The Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

PORTUGUESE Evening Classes. All grades. Portuguese Language Committee, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

JUDO: regular courses for beginners. Apply The Secretary, The Budokwai, 4 Gilston Rd., S.W.10. KEN. 1540 (afternoons).

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

PIANO Tuition. Mod. terms. Miss Ben, L.R.A.M. TER. 4764 evenings.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

RESEARCH in Economics and Finance. Houblon-Norman Awards. The trustees of the Houblon-Norman Fund invite applications for Fellowships or Grants in aid of Research into the working of industry and finance in Great Britain and elsewhere and the economic conditions affecting them. Fellowships, which are intended for experienced research workers, are awarded for full-time research for one year, which may be renewed for a second year. Grants are awarded for either full-time or part-time work. The amount of the awards, which will take effect from October 1, 1955, will depend upon the circumstances of the candidate and the probable expenses of his work. Candidates must be British subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom. Forms of application, which may be obtained from the Secretary of the Fund, c/o the Bank of England, London, E.C.2, should be returned not later than March 31.

FIRCROFT College. The following scholarships and bursaries are offered for the session commencing September 24, 1955, to enable working men whose schooling finished early to take one-year courses of full-time study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature. Tom Bryan Scholarship, value £210. George Cadbury Scholarship, value £210. Robert Addy Hopkinson Scholarship, value £250. N.F. Community Centres Scholarship, value £210. T. & G.W.U. Scholarship, value £210. Full details from the Warden, Fircroft College, Birmingham, 30.

PERSONAL

COUPLE req. small furn. det. house, quiet spot, north Italy, south France, or Majorca, pref. on sea, July 23-Sept. 5, poss. longer. Must contain reas. good piano. Careful tenants. Highest ref. given. Box 2592.

A VERY kind and understanding foster-home in the Home Counties is wanted for a girl of 8 years and her brother aged 7. Both children are partially handicapped after poliomyelitis and attend Hospital as outpatients for leg massage. The little boy is also a bed-wetter but it is hoped that this may decrease once he is happily placed. Both children are intelligent and are desperately in need of parental care and affection. Please apply for further particulars to The Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Great George St., S.W.1.

FRENCH girl, 25, now in England, law stud., seeks post Univ. town family/or school where time avail. study. Box 2882.

HAMPSTEAD Gallery. Hundreds of unusual Christmas gifts, hand-made by artists. Danish non-drip candles, 12 Perrins Ct. betw. Heath St./High St. HAM. 4899.

WOULD anyone trav. by car to Switzerland Christmas or Jan. take couple, exps., driving shared. HAM. 2358 evgs.

COUNTRY flat, furn., nr. London, in return for services garden/house. Young child welcome Woldingham 2374.

TWO educated young men seek few weeks' work anywhere. Box 2843.

YNG. woman & well-behaved daughter (5) who live alone would love spend Xmas with a family in country. Box 2841.

COLLABORATOR in theatrical writing wanted by playwright. Box 2785.

NEW writer (f.), engaged on novel, seeks part-time work, 20 hours weekly. Exc. refs. Suggestions welcomed. Box 2776.

CHRISTMAS Torquay. S/C holiday flat, sleep 4 or 6. Newton, 7 Kents Rd.

YOUNG married woman with leisure time would help interesting worthwhile group. Box 3015.

CPLE. touring Morocco, January. Two seats vacant (driver/s). Box 2921.

ITALIAN (conversation-grammar) taught. Expd. Italian teacher (m.). Box 3007.

FRENCH tuition, translations, by French lady. W.2. Box 2937.

WHY should a person with taste as impeccable as yours be satisfied with less than the choicest Christmas present from one of those that we have personally selected in this country and on the Continent. Visit Primavera, 149 Sloane St., S.W.1. Open until 5 p.m. on Saturdays, Dec. 11 and 18. Weekdays till 5.30.

PERSONAL—continued

RESPONSIBLE person required January by business couple, London. Sole charge baby and run house with help. No rough. Eat with family; own bed-sit. Box 3002.

PLAY Competition for full length works not previously performed professionally. Tavistock Repertory (London's non-professional Little Theatre Coy.) offer winner public performances Oct., 1955, and cash prizes for best three plays. Free written criticism for each play. Last date for entries February 28. 25s. entry fee. Conditions and entry forms from F.L.P.C., Tavistock Repertory Company (London), The Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place, London, N.1.

CHRISTMAS and New Year will soon be here! Make sure of a good holiday with one of our Winter Sports parties to Austria (departures Dec. 18, 23 & 28), Switzerland (Dec. 23 & 28) or join a Christmas Sunshine party in Majorca or an informal Christmas or New Year House Party in Britain. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

ENTERTAINMENTS Organiser available Christmas. Box 2967.

COCKAIGNE Club: New Year week party Cornwall; 1955 travel home and abroad; Christmas social, Dec. 11, 7.30 p.m. Visitors welcome. Details: Dora Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

DRAWING, Painting and Etching Tuition: Day and Evening Classes. Well-equipped Painting Rooms, with models. Private tuition, if desired. Reasonable terms. Kings Cross Painting Rooms, 374 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. Enquiries: Day, MAYfair 4562; Evening, MAIda Vale 7096.

ARTIST wishes to paint winter landscapes. Has anyone spare room? Domesticated, help in exch. reduced terms. Box 2944.

WELL-KNOWN Artist (pictures in Tate Gallery and Orangerie, Paris) will sell, at bargain prices, for quick sale, landscapes of Hebrides, France, Italy and Greece. 'Phone FLAxman 1443 for appointment.

FOR Sale: pictures by Peter Scott, Julius Olsson, etc. FLA. 1443, after 5.

JOURNALIST prepares for printing MSS., pamphlets, journals; etc. Advises layout, typography. Box 2949.

SUMMER, 1955. Readers interested in cheap charter plane holiday, Majorca, Yugoslavia, or Riviera (dependent bookings) please write Box 2838.

SKI-ING Holidays in Switzerland, Austria, Italy and Norway. Our new programme includes a variety of winter holidays and you can choose whether to go with a party or independently. A fortnight amid the snow and sunshine can cost as little as £25—including a full course of instruction. Write for Winter Programme to Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (S6) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

ORDINARY Writing at 110-120 words per min. All langs. Test lesson 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

GOOD pre-war saloon wanted urgently, cash. Write Box 2414.

ARE you a dramatist? We would like contact young writer with strong dramatic bent to assist part/full-time. Satirical revue, topical "air on shoe string" line preferred. Fullest details to Box 2653.

SCOTS bachelor sks. m. comp. holidays. Theatre, swimming, travel. Box 2632.

AUSTRIA, all parts: acc. bookable London, from 15s. 6d. incl. Box 2714.

YOUNG man reqs. priv. tuition in German, convers., etc. State terms. Box 2582.

MEDIEVAL Xmas Cards (wood engravings.) 4s. doz., 2s. 3d. six. Samples 1s. 6d. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford, Kent.

CARNIVAL on Skis. Priv. party Engelberg, Feb. 10 days £23 10s. incl. Lesley-Davies, 23 Montpelier Row S.E.3. WOO 4145.

UNDER 30's Christmas Party. Delightful modern farmhouse. Comfort and pleasure assured. Joan and Alan Marsden, Uplands, Winscombe, Somerset.

PERSONAL—continued

THE atmosphere of a private studio, with expert tuition. Heatherleys, the progressive Art School, 33 Warwick Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

YOUNGSTERS' Christmas House Party offers seasonal enjoyment to members of the "younger set" from 10-18 years. Matron (S.R.N.) and responsible Staff supervise comfort with excellent meals. Riding daily, organised games, Square-dancing, paper-chases, Panto-party, well-chosen Cinemas. Dec. 27 to Jan. 12. From 5½gns. Apply: Mrs. K. Clare, J.P., Parndon Hall, Harlow. Tel.: 24511.

MUSIC to be loved, must be understood. Sir Malcolm Sargent says . . . "The Enjoyment of Music" is of special value. Mr. Sidney Harrison . . . makes points immediately clear. . . . It is as if we had a musician in our home to talk and play to us." Complete work a beautifully illustrated book and seven special 12in 78 r.p.m. records. All available separately. Easy terms. E.M.I. Institutes, Ltd. (Dept. NS55), Pembridge Square, London, W.2.

WHY not give your friends a subscription to the Poetry Book Society? 4 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. (WHitehall 9737.)

CHRISTMAS Cards. New designs 3d. to 1s. 6d. Call at The Caravel Press, Moxon Street, London, W.1, or samples post free.

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